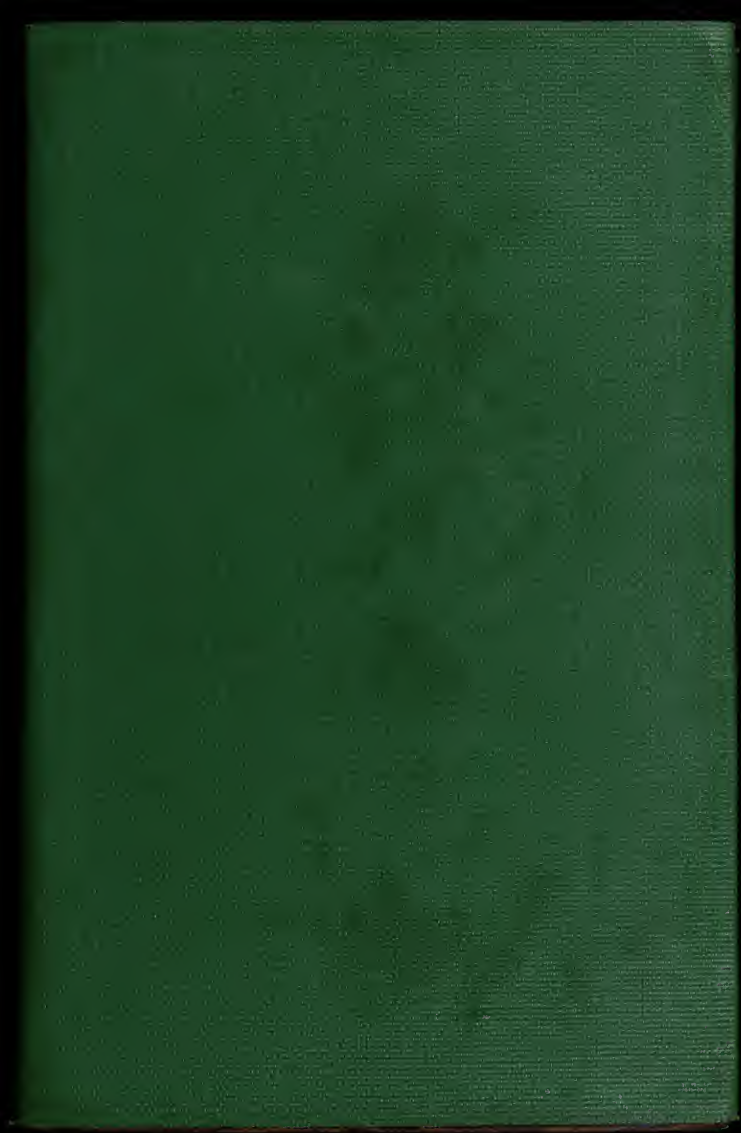
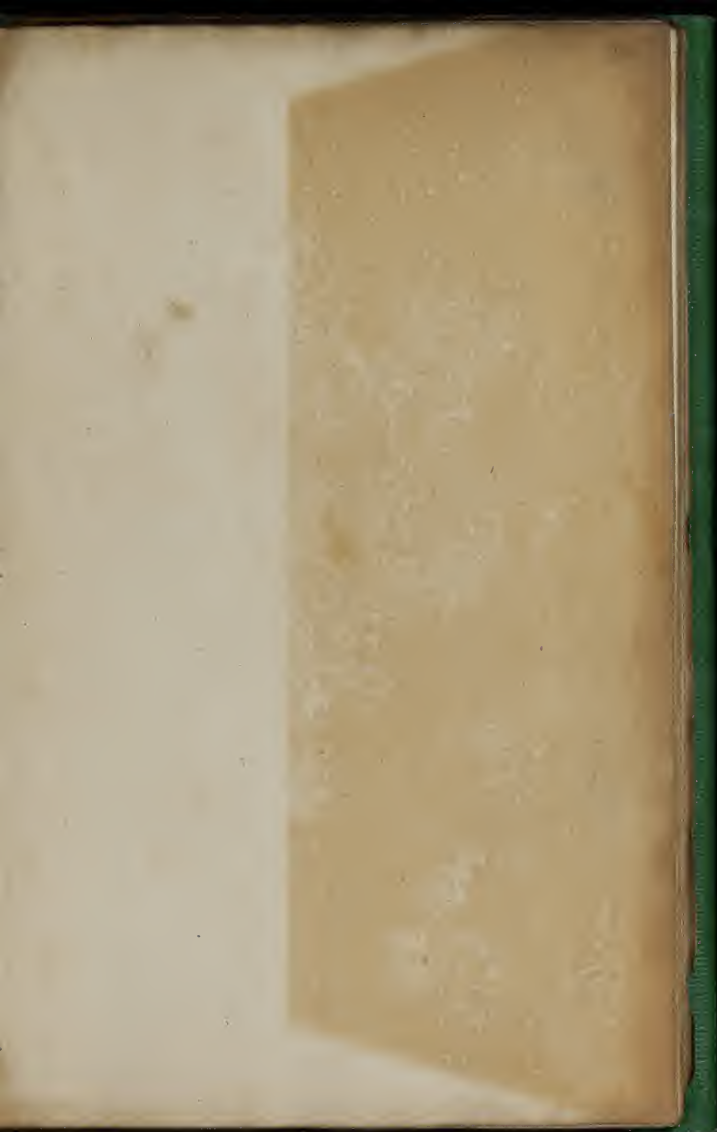
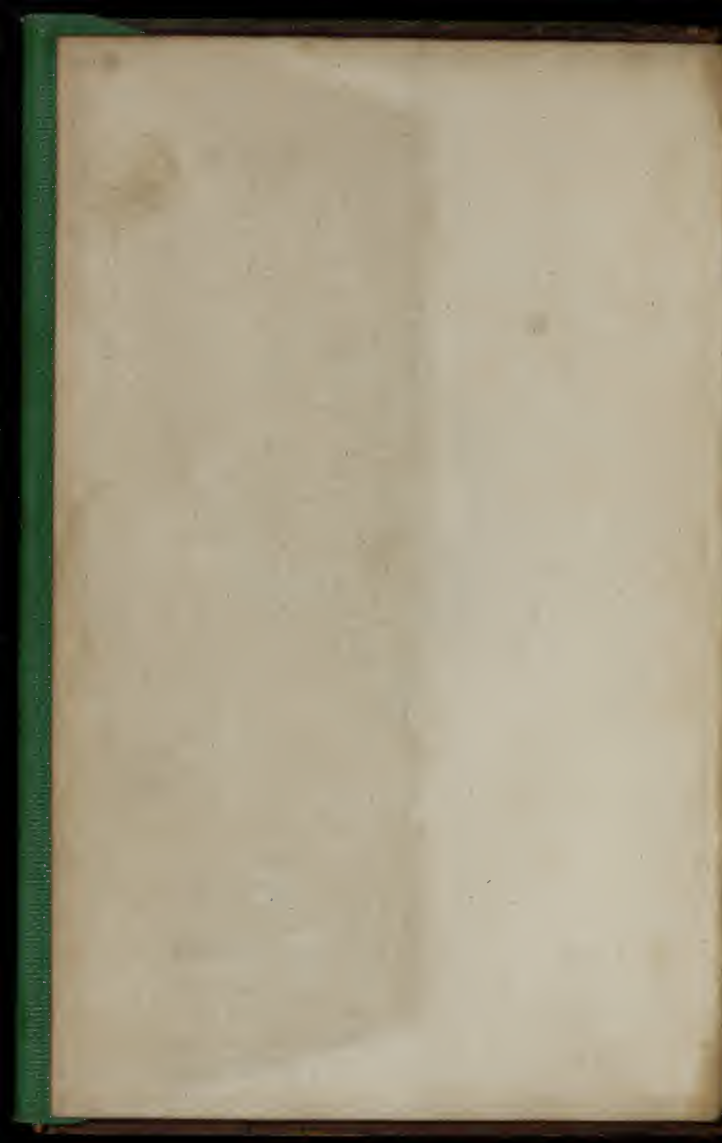


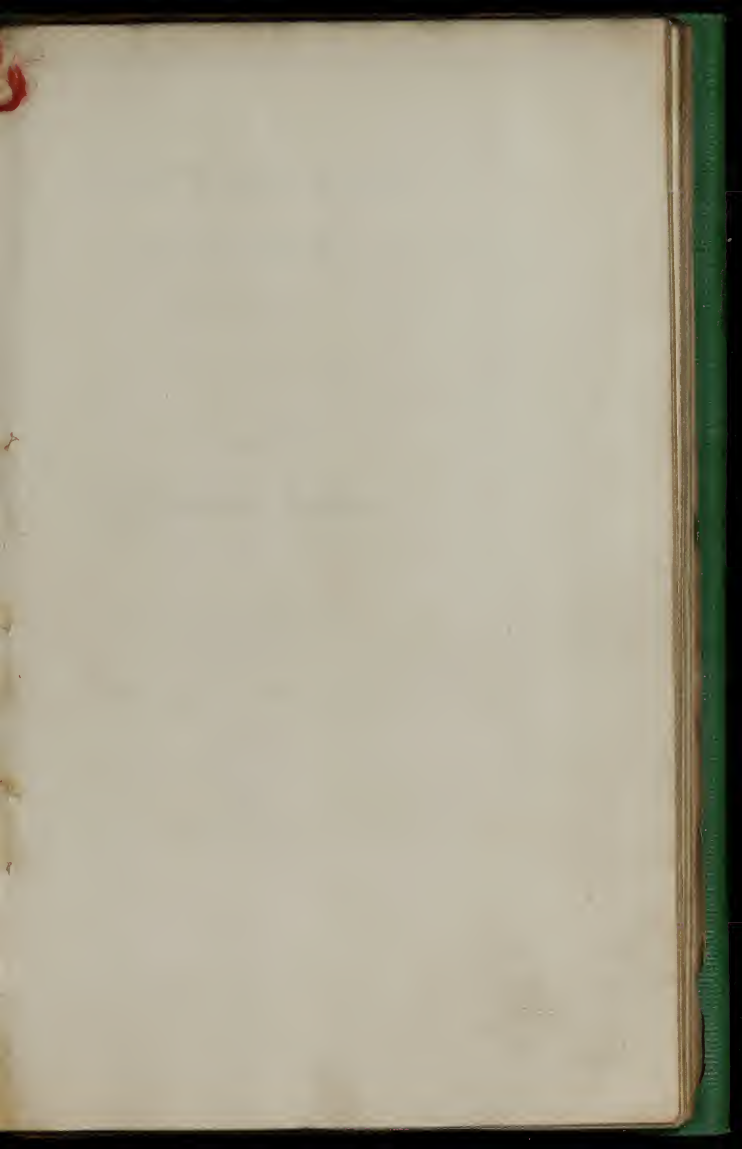




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Covent Garden prompt books

v. 20

GEORGE BARNWELL

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

By MR. LILLO

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

*Learn to be wise from others harm
And you shall do full well*

OLD BALLAD OF THE LADY'S FALL

LONDON

PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, 38, BEDFORD STREET

1810

Price One Shilling

Case

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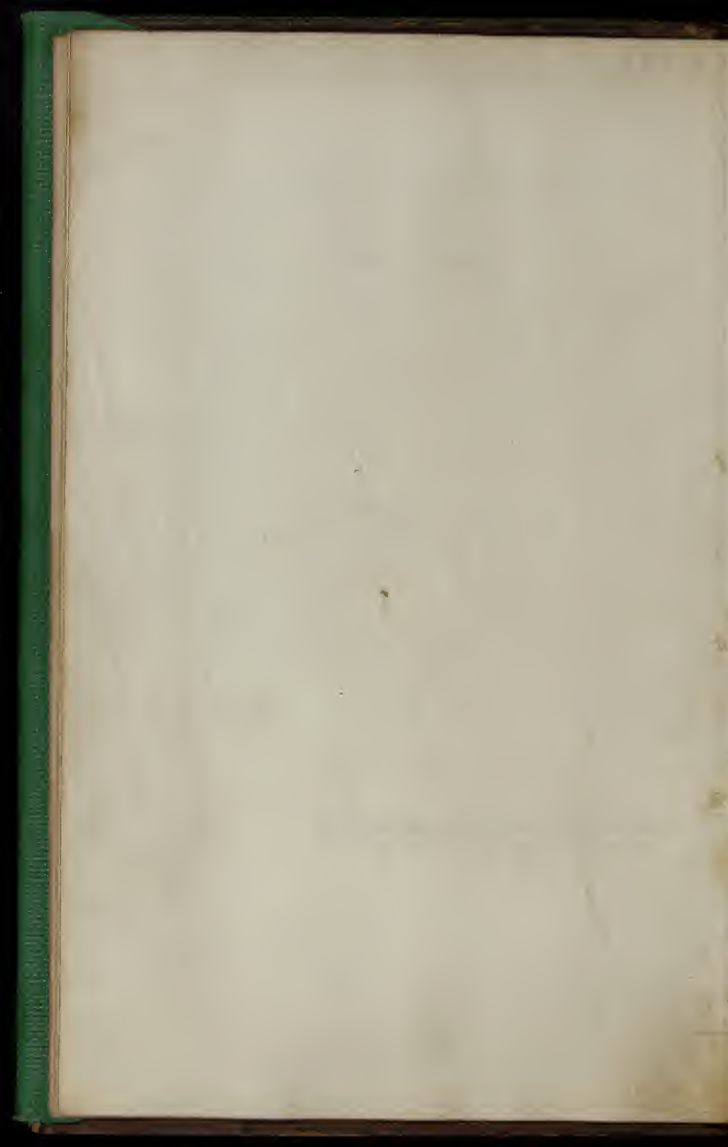
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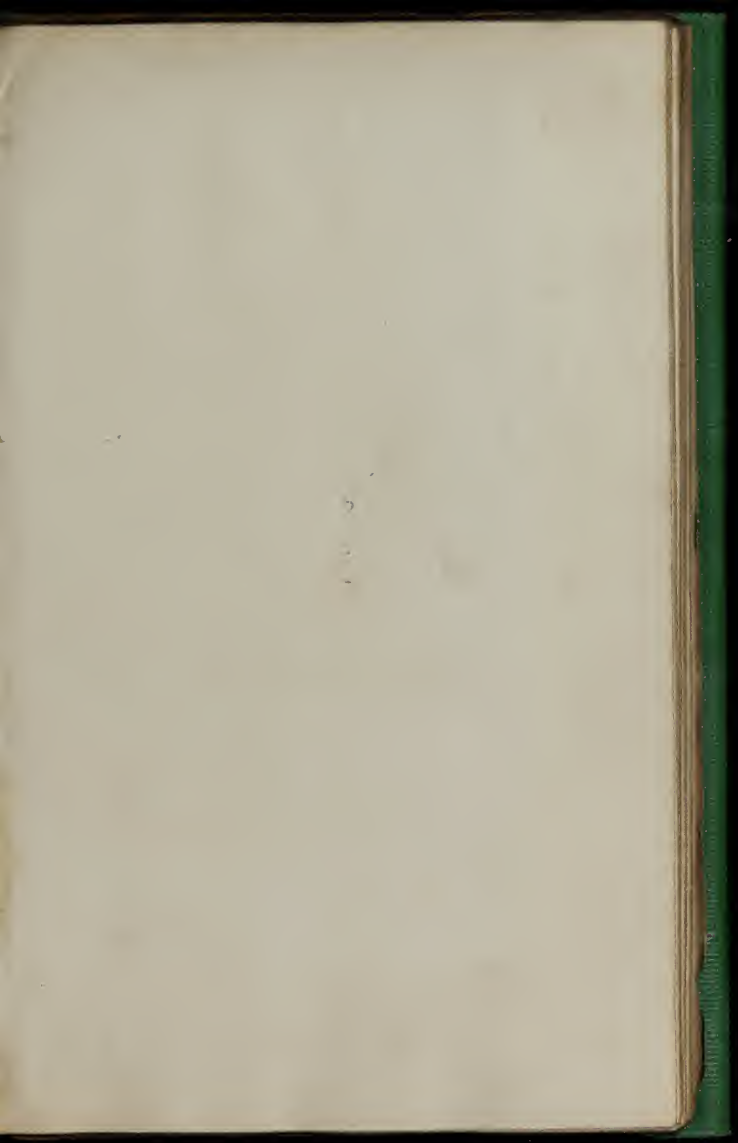
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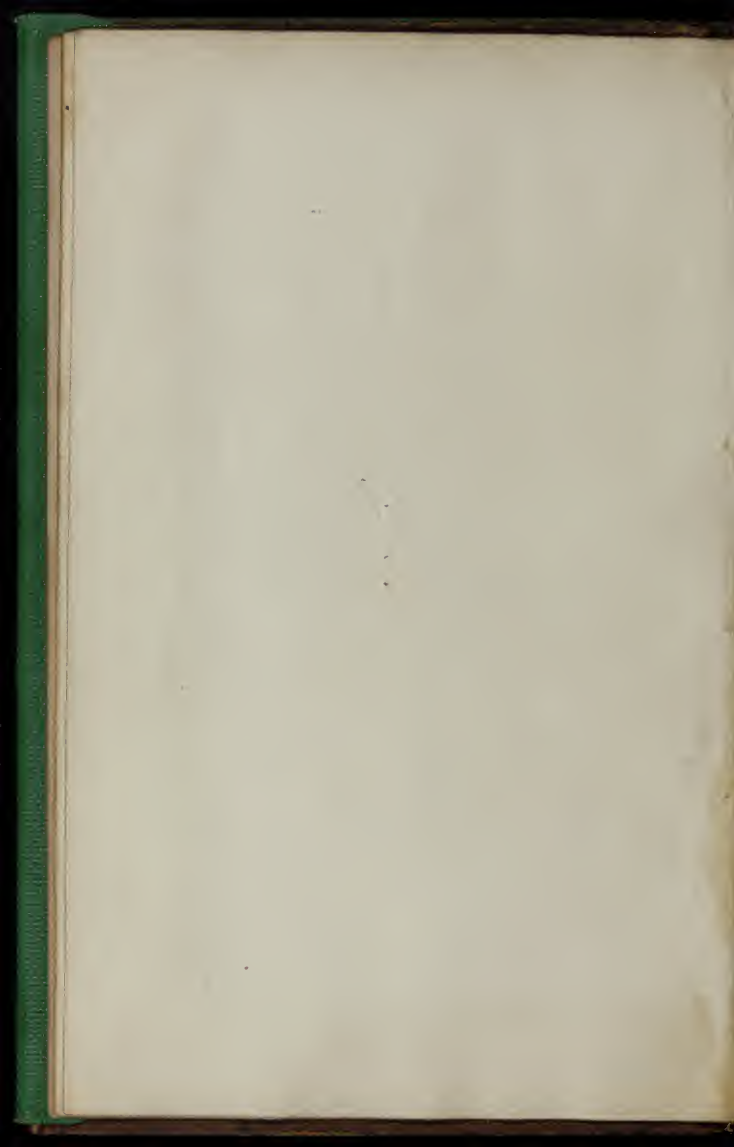
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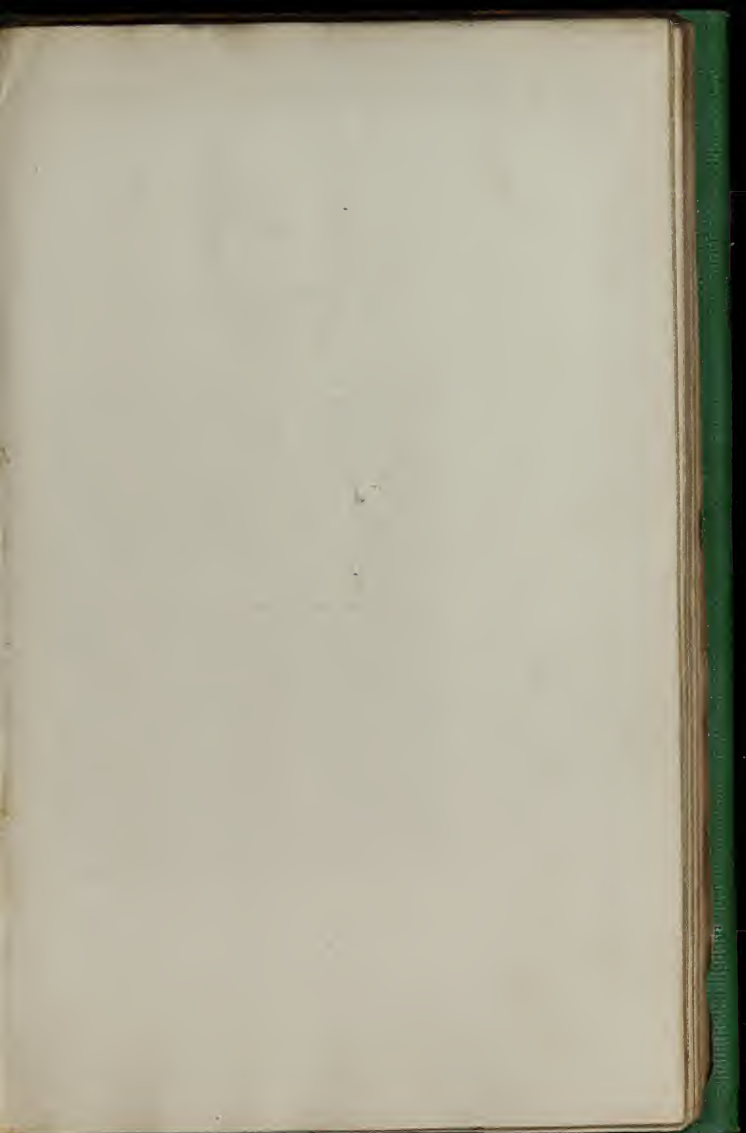
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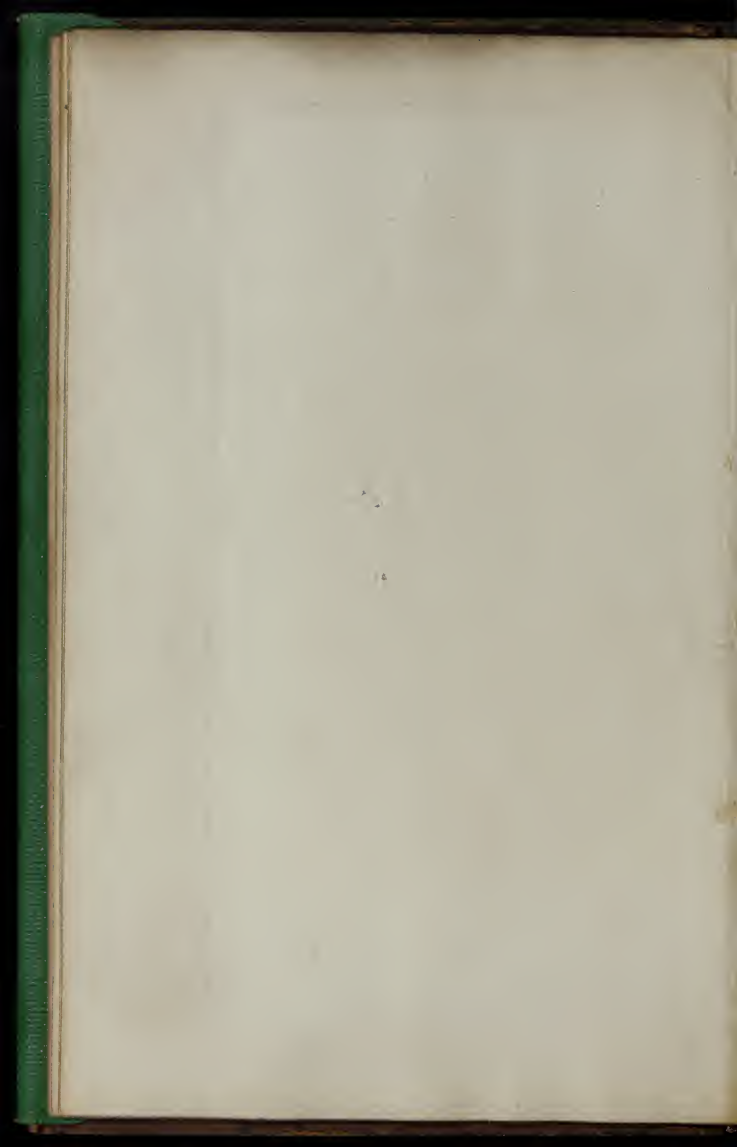
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CRITICISMS
ON
"GEORGE BARNWELL."

THIS Play was first acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane with great success. Although 'tis written in prose, and the language consequently not so dignified as that of the buskin is usually expected to be, yet it is well adapted to the subject, and exalted enough to express the sentiments of the characters, which are all exhibited in domestic life. The plot is ingenious, the catastrophe just, and the conduct of the whole affecting: and no lesson surely can be more proper or indeed more necessary to inculcate among that valuable body of youths, trained up to the various branches of mercantile business, so eminently estimable in a land of commerce such as England; and who must necessarily have large trusts confided to their care, and consequently large temptations thrown in the way of their integrity; than warning them how much greater strength will be added to those temptations, how almost impossible it will be for them to avoid the snares of ruin, if they suffer themselves but once to be drawn aside into the paths of the harlot, or permit their eyes once to glance on the allurements of the wanton, where they will be sure to meet with the most insatiable avarice to cope with on one hand, and an unguarded sensibility originally proceeding from the goodness of their own hearts, on the other, which will excite the practice of the most unprincipled artifices on the

part of an abandon'd woman, to impose on, and plunge the unwary youth headlong into vice, infamy, and destruction. This warning is strongly, loudly given in this play; and indeed 'tis to be wish'd that the performance was more frequent, or at least that the managers of the different Theatres would make a rule constantly to have it acted once at least in each house during the course of every period of those holidays in which the very youths to whom this instruction is addressed almost always form a considerable part of the audience.

It has often been disputed whether Tragedies, in which the plots are taken from domestic life, should be written in prose or metre; the success of the present performance, and Mr. Moore's *Gamester*, must incline us very strongly in favour of the former. A great author, however, appears to have been of a different opinion. Mr. Gorges-Edmund Howard says, that upon communicating his play of the *Female Gamester* to Dr. Samuel Johnson, that gentleman observed, "that he could hardly consider a prose tragedy as dramatic; that it was difficult for the performers to speak it; that let it be either in the middling or in low life, it may, though in metre and spirited, be properly familiar and colloquial; that many in the middling rank are not without erudition; that all have the feelings and sensations of nature, and every emotion in consequence thereof, as well as the great; that even the lowest when impassioned raise their language; and that the writing of prose is generally the plea and excuse of poverty of genius."

Biographia Dramatica, vol. 2.

*Substance of some Critical Remarks on this
Tragedy, by a Living Authoress.*

Mr. Lillo being a tradesman, was perhaps thereby influenced to describe scenes in humble life; beyond which his knowledge could only exist in theory; and the popular ballad of George Barnwell supplied him with an excellent subject for indulging his taste, while it's moral tendency duly accorded to his own private character.

Though not founded on the distresses of the great, yet Colly Cibber eagerly received this Pathetic Drama, which was soon patronized by the Mercantile Interest, and after its first run of 20 successive nights in the summer, was also frequently represented in crowded houses during the following winter.

Mr. Pope allowed that the Fable was well conducted; the Language natural, and if sometimes elevated above the simplicity of the characters yet it never was mean, nor deviated from propriety of style calculated to affect the heart.

False notions of elegance in woe had of late years reduced this tragedy almost to only a holiday warning for journeymen and apprentices, against the arts of profligate women, but what brought it nearly into absolute contempt was giving the part to actors whose appearance did not bear any resemblance to the bashful youth Barnwell is represented to have been; and who, from that cause, could not excite pity for his crimes!—arising partly from the difficulty of finding a performer young enough to represent a merchant's stripling-clerk, and at the same time able to express the various and tumultuous passions supposed to agitate his unexperienced bosom, which obstruction was not fully removed till

Mr. Charles Kemble elevated this play to the rank it formerly so justly held, by undertaking the principal character, in which he first appeared when about the age Barnwell is related to have been.

The opinion said to have been given by Dr. Johnson, "That he could hardly consider a prose "tragedy as dramatic" was delivered to the Author of an indifferent prosaic tragedy laid before the Doctor for his opinion, and was probably a gentle way of condemning that performance.

[Observations similar to the remainder of those made by the Lady have already been fully detailed in the preceding criticism copied from the *Biographia Dramatica*.]

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. Cibber, Jun.

THE Tragic Muse, sublime, delights to show
Princes distrest, and scenes of royal woe ;
In awful pomp, majestic, to relate
The fall of nations, or some hero's fate :
That scepter'd chiefs may by example know
The strange vicissitude of things below :
What dangers on security attend ;
How pride and cruelty in ruin end :
Hence Providence supreme to know ; and own
Humanity adds glory to a throne.

In ev'ry former age, and foreign tongue,
With native grandeur thus the Goddess sung.
Upon our stage indeed, with wish'd success,
You've sometimes seen her in a humbler dress ;
Great only in distress. When she complains
In Southern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving strains,
The brilliant drops that fall from each bright eye,
The absent pomp, with brighter jems, supply.
Forgive us then, if we attempt to show,
In artless strains, a tale of private woe.
A London 'Prentice ruin'd is our theme,
Drawn from the fam'd old song, that bears his name.
We hope your taste is not so high to scorn
A moral tale, esteem'd e'er you were born ;
Which for a century of rolling years,
Has fill'd a thousand-thousand eyes with tears.
If thoughtless youth to warn, and shame the age
From vice destructive, well becomes the stage ;
If this example innocence secure,
Prevent our guilt, or by reflection cure ;
If Millwood's dreadful guilt, and sad despair,
Commend the virtue of the good and fair,
Tho' art be wanting, and our numbers fail,
Indulge th' attempt in justice to the tale.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

COVENT GARDEN.

Thoroughgood
Uncle
George Barnwell
Trueman
Blunt
Keeper (Jailor)
Footman (John)
Servant (Robert)
Officers

Mr. Murray
Mr. Hull
Mr. C. Kemble
Mr. Claremont
Mr. Thompson
Mr. Louis
Mr. Jefferies
Mr. Serjeant
Messrs. Grant, Brown,
Holland & Powers

LYCEUM.

Mr. Powell
Mr. Eyre
Mr. Melvin
Mr. Holland
Mr. Maddocks
Mr. Webb
Mr. Evans

HAY-MARKET.

Mr. Eyre
Mr. Carr
Mr. C. Kemble
Mr. Holland
Mr. Ray
Mr. Norris
Mr. Truman

WOMEN.

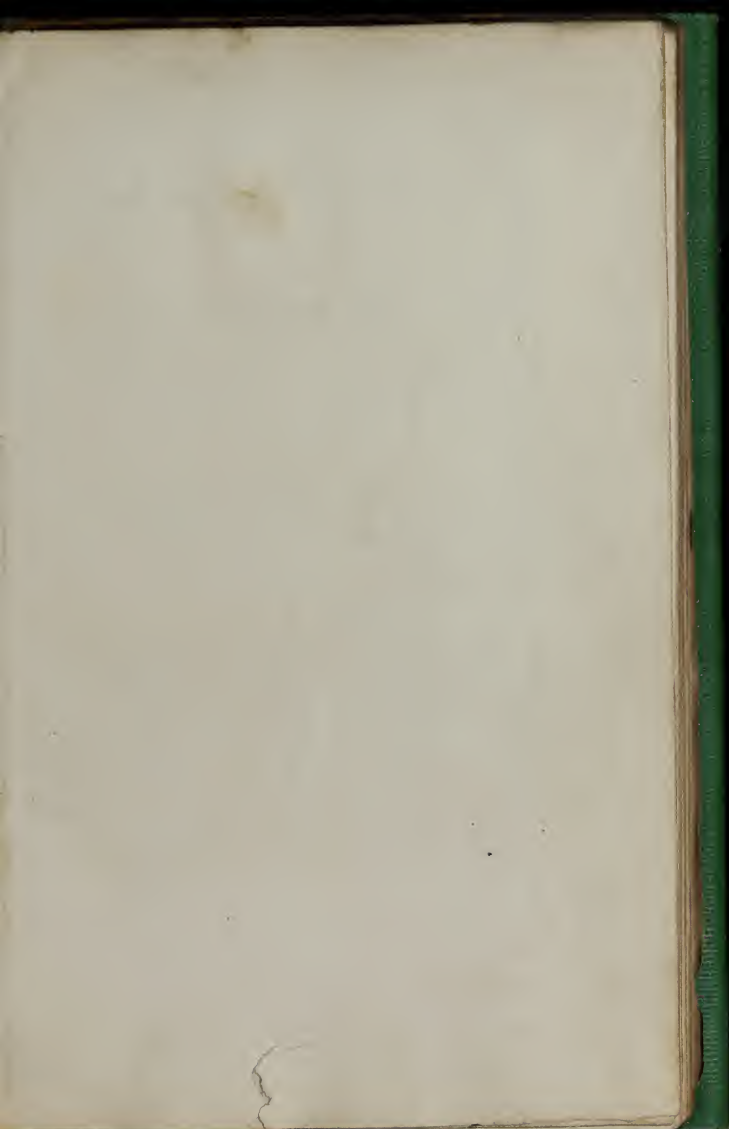
Maria
Millwood
Lucy

Miss Norton
Miss Smith
Mrs. Mattocks

Miss Ray
Mrs. Powell
Mrs. Sparks

Mrs. Eyre
Mrs. Glover
Mrs. Gibbs

SCENE, London, Camberwell-Grove and Kennington-Common.



22 R 10 May 15th 37
22 R 7. - 17th

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2

GEORGE BARNWELL.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A room in Thorowgood's house.*

Enter THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN. *R.*

TRUEMAN.

SIR, the packet from Genoa is arrived.

[Gives letters.]

Thor. Heaven be praised, the storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty and laws, is for a time diverted; ~~the haughty and revengeful Spaniard, disappointed of the loan on which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the slow return of wealth from his new world, to supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his purposed invasion of our happy island;~~ *2* by which means time is gained to make such preparations on our part as may, Heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

Tr. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned.

Sir, may I know by what means—if I am too bold—

Thor. Your curiosity is laudable; and I gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our profession, you may with honest scorn reject whatever is unworthy of it.

Tr. Should Barnwell, or I, who have the benefit of your example, by our ill conduct bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

Thor. You compliment, young man.

[Trueman bows respectfully.]

Nay, I'm not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisant at the expence of your sincerity. But to answer your question,—The bank of Genoa had agreed at excessive interest and on good security, to advance the King of Spain a sum of money sufficient to equip his vast Armada,—of which our peerless Elizabeth (more than in name the mother of her people) being well informed, sent Walsingham, her wise and faithful secretary, to consult the merchants of this loyal city, who all agreed to direct their several agents to influence if possible, the Genoese to break their contract with the Spanish court. 'Tis done, the state and bank of Genoa, having maturely weighed and rightly judged of their true interest, prefer the friendship of the merchants of London, to that of a monarch, who proudly styles himself King of both Indies.

Tr. Happy success of prudent councils! What an expence of blood and treasure is here saved! Excel-

Jest Queen! O how unlike to former princes, who made the danger of foreign enemies a pretence to oppress their subjects, by taxes great and grievous to be borne.

Thor. Not so our gracious Queen, whose richest Exchequer is her people's love, as their happiness her greatest glory.

Tr. On these terms to defend us, is to make our protection a benefit worthy her who confers it, and well worth our acceptance. *Well.* Sir, have you any commands for me at this time.

Thor. Only to look carefully over the files to see whether there are any Tradesmen's Bills unpaid; and if there are, to send and discharge them. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance.

[Exit Trueman. *L.H.*]

Enter MARIA. ~~*L.H.*~~

Th. Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best; that the courtiers, though they should deny us citizens politeness, may at least commend our hospitality.

Ma. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well known generosity by an ill-timed parsimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needless caution, I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

Ma. Sir! I find myself unfit for conversation at present. I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

Ma. Company will but increase it. I wish you would dispense with my absence; solitude best suits my present temper.

3

Thor. You are not insensible that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board ; should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent their condescension, and think their labour lost.

Ma. He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is that she is yours. The man of quality, who chuses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, yet intend me no disrespect at all ; for tho' he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time, when the company of the greatest and wisest man in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

Ma. Your's no doubt was as agreeable to her ; for generous minds know no pleasure in society but where 'tis mutual.

Thor. Thou know'st I have no heir, no child but thee ; the fruits of many years successful industry must all be thine ; now it would give me pleasure great as my love, to see on whom you would bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you, but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes that by observation I should learn which way your inclination tends ; for as I know love to be essential to happiness in the married state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice than direct it.

Ma. What can I say ? how shall I answer, as I ought, this tenderness, so uncommon, even in the best of parents : But you are without example ; yet

3

Tablet Table Chart

had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the croud of courtiers, that visit here, with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obeyed, I had submitted, and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

Thor. From your perfect obedience in every other instance, I feared as much; and therefore would leave you without a bias in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concerned.

Ma. Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause I know not; but, I find high birth and titles do not recommend the man, who owns them, to my affections.

Thor. I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

Ma. I cannot answer for my inclinations, but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority; and as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, so love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire.

Thor. I'll see you to your chamber. [Exeunt. *L.H.*]

SCENE, A room in Millwood's house. *2. 5. 9.*

Sivo MILLWOOD. *Lucy, waiting.* *I*

Mill. How do I look to day, Lucy?

Lucy. O, killingly, madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible! But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What new conquest are you aiming at?

Mill. A conquest, would be new indeed!

Lucy. Not to you, who make 'em every day,—but to me. Well! 'tis what I'm never to expect, —unfortunate as I am: but your wit and beauty—

Mill. First made me a wretch, and still continue me so.—Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us. We are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction.

Lucy. You are certainly, madam, on the wrong side in this argument! Is not the expence all theirs? And I am sure it is our own fault if we hav'nt our share of the pleasure.

Mill. We are but slaves to men.

Lucy. Nay, 'tis they that are slaves most certainly; for we lay them under contribution.

Mill. Slaves have no property; no, not even in themselves. All is the victor's.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in your principles, madam,

Mill. I would have my conquests compleat, like those of the Spaniards in the new world; who first plundered the natives of all the wealth they had, and then condemned the wretches to the mines for life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your scheme of government: I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my subjects an easier employment.

Mill. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honesty, is capable of any action, though never so vile: and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinions? Then is it

L

Ready to Knock
L

Proclama

not just, the villains, to their cost, should find us so. But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex, who having never injured woman, apprehend no injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed.

Mill. Such a one, I think, I have found. As I've passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude he is employed in affairs of consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the stripling is well made. *Has a good face*

Lucy. About——

Mill. Eighteen——

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen. you'll be vastly happy. Why if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

Mill. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him; and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazing wishfully on his face, asked him his name: he blushed, and bowing very low, answered George Barnwell. I begged his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the person I had long wished to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate, at a proper time and place. He named a tavern; I talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house: he swallowed the bait, promised to come, and this is the time I expect him. *[knocking at the door.]* Somebody knocks,—d'ye hear; I am at home to nobody to-day, but him. *[Exit Lucy.]*—Less affairs must give way to those of more consequence; and I am

strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to me and him too, before I have done with him. Now, after what manner shall I receive him? Let me consider—what manner of person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take care not to shock him at first. But then, if I have any skill in physiognomy, he is amorous, and, with a little assistance, will soon get the better of his modesty. I'll trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters. If to seem what one is not, in order to be the better liked for what one really is; if to speak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be art in a woman, I know nothing of nature!

L.H. Enter BARNWELL bowing very low, LUCY at a distance.

Mill. Sir! the surprise and joy!

Barn. Madam.

Mill. This is such a favour, — [advancing.

Barn. Pardon me, madam, —

Mill. So unhop'd for, — [still advances.

[Barnwell salutes her and retires in confusion.

To see you here, — Excuse the confusion.

Barn. I fear I am too bold.

Mill. Alas, Sir! All my apprehensions proceed from my fears of your thinking me so. — Please, Sir, to sit. — I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surprized at your goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me. I promised to come.

Mill. That is the more surprizing; few men are such religious observers of their word.

Barn. All, who are honest, are.

Mill. To one another: — But we silly women are

seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in your remembrance.

[laying her hand on his, as by accident.]

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine. Heaven! how she trembles! What can this mean! *[Aside.]*

Mill. The interest I have in all that relates to you, (the reason of which you shall know hereafter) excites my curiosity; and, were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to know your real sentiments on a very particular affair.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject; I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You'll think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mill. What then are your thoughts of love?

Barn. If you mean the love of women, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet. But if you mean the general love we owe to mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I do not know that person in the world whose happiness I do not wish, and would not promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner I love my Uncle, and my Master, but, above all, my friend.

Mill. You have a friend then, whom you love?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often blessed with your company and conversation.

Barn. We live in one house together, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

Mill. Happy, happy youth! who e'er thou art, I envy thee, and so must all, who see and know this youth. *[Aside.]* What have I lost, by being formed a woman! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a

5

man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship, as he who now enjoys it:—But as it is,——Oh!——

Barn. I never observed women before, or this is sure the most beautiful of her sex, [*Aside.*] You seem disordered, madam! may I know the cause?

Mill. Do not ask me,——I can never speak it, whatever is the cause;—I wish for things impossible:—I would be a servant, bound to the same master as you are, to live in one house with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her words and actions are?—And the effect they have on me is as strange. I feel desires I never knew before; I must be gone, while I have power to go, [*Aside.*] madam, I humbly take my leave.

Mill. You will not sure leave me so soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepared a poor supper, at which I promised myself your company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the honour that you designed me;—But my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service; he is so gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong him, though he might forgive me, I never should forgive myself.

Mill. Am I refused, by the first man, the second favour I ever stooped to ask? Go then thou proud hard-hearted youth. But know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

Barn. What shall I do! How shall I go or stay!

Mill. Yet do not, do not, leave me. I wish my sex's pride would meet your scorn: But when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes, Oh! spare my tongue, and let my blushes speak. This flood of

Act 2

5
Blunt.

Put Chan back

R. A - B

Lucy moves Chair
up Stage.

tears to that will force their way, and declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

Barn. Oh, heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am; her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it: and can I leave her then? Oh, never, never. Madam, dry up those tears. You shall command me always; I will stay here for ever, if you'd have me.

Lucy. So! she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, 'till she has left him as few as her ladyship, or myself.

[*Aside.*

Mill. Now you are kind, indeed; but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master; but you may serve him still.

Lucy. Serve him still! Aye, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash, and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn.

[*Aside.*

R.H. Enter BLUNT.

Blunt. Madam, supper's on the table.

Mill. Come, Sir, you'll excuse all defects.—My thoughts were too much employed on my guest to observe the entertainment.

[*Exeunt Millwood and Barnwell.* *R.H.*

Blunt. What is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow!

Lucy. So it seems.

Blunt. What is our mistress turned fool at last! she's in love with him, I suppose.

Lucy. I suppose not,—but she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be supposed to have much money.

Lucy. But his master has; and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow; while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes, so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

Lucy. Why, birds are their prey, as men are ours; though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves: but that I dare say will never be the case with our mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her: should she trifle away her time with a young fellow, that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

Lucy. There's no danger of that, for I am sure she has no view in this affair, but interest.

Blunt. Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be. 'Tis true, the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience. O, the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon it. *[Exeunt R. H.]*

SCENE, BARNWELL and MILLWOOD at an entertainment with music and singing.

Barn. What can I answer!—All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miserable.

Mill. We are both so, and yet the fault is in ourselves.

Barn. To ease our present anguish, by plunging

into guilt, is to buy a moment's pleasure with an age of pain.

Mill. I should have thought the joys of love as lasting as they are great: if ours prove otherwise, 'tis your inconstancy must make them so.

Barn. The law of Heaven will not be reversed; and that requires us to govern our passions.

Mill. To give us sense of beauty and desires, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is cruelty to nature. Have we passions only to torment us!

Barn. To hear you talk,——though in the cause of vice,——to gaze upon your beauty,——press your hand,——and see your snow-white bosom heave and fall,——enflames my wishes; my pulse beats high,——my senses all are in a hurry, and I am on the rack of wild desire; yet for a moment's guilty pleasure, shall I lose my innocence, my peace of mind, and hopes of solid happiness?

Mill. Chimeras all,——

. Come on with me and prove,
No joy is like woman kind, nor Heav'n like love.

Barn. I would not,——yet I must on.——

Reluctant thus, the merchant quits his ease,
And trusts to rocks, and sands, and stormy seas;
In hopes some unknown golden coast to find,
Commits himself, tho' doubtful, to the wind,
Longs much for joys to come, yet mourns those left
behind.

[*Exeunt*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

16 June

17 June May 17th 1787

(1)

A C T II.

SCENE, *A room in Thorowgood's house.**R. B.* Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. How strange are all things round me! like some thief, who treads forbidden ground, fearful I enter each apartment of this well known house. To guilty love, as if that was too little, already have I added breach of trust. A thief! Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face? Tho' hypocrisy may a while conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life? ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes in order to conceal them. Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity; like me disconsolate he wandered, and while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell about him.

L. H. Enter TRUEMAN.

Tr. Barnwell! O how I rejoice to see you safe! so will our master and his gentle daughter, who during your absence often inquired after you.

Barn. Would he were gone, his officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. *[Aside.]*

Tr. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you cannot conceive how much you are beloved; but why thus cold and silent? when my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? what have I done? how am I altered since you saw me last? Or rather what have you done? and why are you thus changed? for I am still the same.

1813. 11. May 15th / 87

Chair Table Chair
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Thorogood

Barn. What have I done indeed? [*Aside.*

Tr. Not speak nor look upon me!

Barn. By my face he will discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aside.*

Tr. I cannot bear this usage from a friend, one whom till now I ever found so loving, whom yet I love, though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well. [*Turning to him.*] Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

Tr. Heavy they look indeed, and swoln with tears;—now they o'erflow;—rightly did my sympathising heart forbode last night when thou wast absent; something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whatever they are, are mine alone, you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me give you a moment's pain.

Tr. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief I felt it. Since we parted last I have slept no more than you, but pensive in my chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious night in wishes for your safety and return; even now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. Twill not be always thus, friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me less.

Tr. Sure I but dream! without a cause would Barnwell use me thus, ungenerous and ungrateful youth farewell,—I shall endeavour to follow your advice,—[*Going.*] Yet stay, perhaps I am too rash,

and angry when the cause demands compassion, Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him too great to bear.

Barn. What part am I reduced to act;—'tis vile and base to move his temper thus; the best of friends and men.

[*Aside,*

Tr. I am to blame, prythee forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind, and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself: my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

Tr. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast, O give it vent and let me share your grief, 'twill ease your pain should it admit no cure; and make it lighter by the part I bear.

Barn. Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observed, should the cause be known they would exceed all bounds.

Tr. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. O torture insupportable!

[*Aside.*

Tr. Then why am I excluded, have I a thought I would conceal from you.

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

Tr. 'Tis strange,—but I have done, say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

Tr. Shall our friendship still continue.

Barn. It is a blessing never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms and but upon conditions can confirm it.

Tr. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

Tr. 'Tis hard, but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. [*Embracing.*]

Tr. Be ever so, and may heaven restore your peace.

Barn. Will yesterday return? We have heard the glorious sun, that till then incessant rolled, once stopped his rapid course, and once went back: The dead have risen; and parched rocks poured forth a liquid stream to quench a people's thirst: the sea divided, and formed walls of water, while a whole nation passed in safety through its sandy bosom: hungry lions have refused their prey: and men unhurt have walked amidst consuming flames; but never yet did time once past, return.

Tr. Though the continued chain of time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted must keep on its course, till lost in eternity it ends there where it first begun; yet as heaven can repair whatever evils time can bring upon us, he who trusts heaven ought never to despair. But business requires our attendance; business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you.

[*Exit Trueman.* *R.H.*]

Barn. I might have trusted Trueman to have applied to my uncle to have repaired the wrong I have done my master; but what of Millwood?

I expose her too? ungenerous and base! then heaven requires it not. But heaven requires that I forsake her. What! never see her more! Does heaven require that, — I hope I may see her, and

heaven not be offended. Presumptuous hope, dearly already have I proved my frailty; should I once more tempt heaven, I may be left to fall never to rise again. Yet shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She who loves me with such a boundless passion; can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life and fear of shame, opposed by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How ~~can I determine?~~

L. H. Enter THOROWGOOD.

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Thor. Without a cause assigned, or notice given, to absent yourself last night was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented; that modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame: when we have offended heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease: If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has o'ercome me. [*Aside.* O sir! you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive 'em. Though I had rather die than speak my shame; though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whate'er it be, this concern shows you are convinced, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind;—some youthful folly which it were prudent not to enquire into.—When we consider the frail condition of humanity, it may raise our pity, not our wonder, that youth should go astray; when reason, weak at the best when opposed to inclina-

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† No change

tion, scarce formed, and wholly unassisted by experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the slave of sense. The state of youth is much to be deplored; and the more so because they see it not; they being then to danger most exposed, when they are least prepared for their defence. *[Aside]*

Barn. It will be known, and you recall your pardon and abhor me.

Thor. I never will; so heaven confirm to me the pardon of my offences. Yet be upon your guard in this gay thoughtless season of your life; ~~now, when the sense of pleasure is quick, and passion high the voluptuous appetites raging and fierce, demand the strongest curb; take heed of a relapse: when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.~~

Barn. Hear me then on my knees confess.

Thor. I will not hear a syllable more upon this subject; it were not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

Barn. This generosity amazes and distracts me.

Thor. This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended; whatever is your fault, of this I'm certain, 'twas harder for you to offend than me to pardon. *[Exit. D. H.]*

Barn. Villain, villain! basely to wrong so excellent a man: should I again return to folly —detested thought;—but what of Millwood then?—Why, I renounce her;—I give her up;—the struggle is over, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked-for generosity has saved me from destruction. *[Going.]*

R. H. Enter to him a Footman. R.

Foot. Sir, two ladies, from your uncle in the country, desire to see you.

New in
f.
W. H. H.
 Barn. Who should they be? [*Aside.*] Tell them I'll wait upon them. *L. H.* [*Exit Footman.*]

Methinks I dread to see them.——Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me?——Now every thing alarms me. *L. H.* [*Exit.*]

W. H. H.
 SCENE. *Another room in Thorowgood's house.*

R. H. Enter MILLWOOD and LUCY, and to them a Footman. *L. H.*

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Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

Mill. 'Tis very well.——I thank you.

[*Exit Footman.*]

L. H. Enter BARNWELL. *L. H.*

Barn. Confusion! Millwood.

Mill. That angry look tells me that here I'm an unwelcome guest; I fear'd as much,——the unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

Mill. Unkind and cruel! lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

Barn. How did you gain admission?

Mill. Saying we were desired by your uncle to visit and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion, and with much respect directed here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more, I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate. I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left me. One short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever?

Mill. It must be so;——yet think not that time or absence ever shall put a period to my grief,

No Change) There ought to be one
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or make me love you less; though I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you? No, I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis just, — 'tis necessary, — I have well weighed, and found it so.

Lucy. I'm afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. [Aside.]

Barn. Before you came I had determin'd never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion!

[Aside.]

Lucy. Ay! we are all out; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part, they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. [Aside.]

Mill. 'Twas some relief to think, though absent, you would love me still; but to find, though fortune had been kind, that you, more cruel and inconstant, had resolved to cast me off. — This, as I never could expect, I have not learnt to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame in me, a resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met.

Mill. Look on me, Barnwell; am I deformed or old, that satiety so soon succeeds enjoyment? nay, look again, am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex? whose hand, trembling with extacy, you prest and moulded thus, while on my eyes you gaz'd with such delight, as if desire increased by being fed.

Barn. No more, let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

Mill. Why?

Barn. Such is my frailty that 'tis dangerous.

Mill. Where is the danger, since we are to part?

Barn. The thought of that already is too painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may hope at least you do not hate me?

Barn. No,——no,——I never said I did,——O my heart!——

Mill. Perhaps you pity me?

Barn. I do,——I do,——indeed, I do.

Mill. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not while I can think at all.

Mill. You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour, though it would be the last? [*He draws back.*] A look shall then suffice,——farewell for ever.

R.H. [*Exit with Lucy.*]

Barn. If to resolve to suffer be to conquer, I have conquered. Painful victory!

R.H. Re-enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.

Mill. One thing I had forgot,——I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you this caution, and that perhaps was needless.

Barn. I hope it was, yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

Mill. My friend, your arm. [*To Lucy.*] Now I am gone for ever.

[*Going.*]

Barn. One thing more;——sure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwise?——

Mill. Alas!

[*Weeping.*]

Lucy. We are right I find, that's my cue. [*Aside.* Ah; dear sir, she's going she knows not whither; but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well;

why will you thus expose yourself to needless troubles?

Lucy. Nay, there's no help for it : she must quit the town immediately, and the kingdom as soon as possible ; it was no small matter you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

Mill. No more, my friend ; since he for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me. Where e'er I wander through wilds and desarts, benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

Barn. For my sake ! O tell me how ; which way am I so cursed as to bring such ruin on thee ?

Mill. ~~No matter, I am contented with my lot.~~

Barn. ~~Leave me not in this uncertainty.~~

Mill. ~~I have said too much.~~

Barn. ~~How, how am I the cause of your undoing ?~~

Mill. To know it will but increase your troubles.

Barn. My troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will. X C

Barn. I am bound to you beyond expression.

Mill. Remember, sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

Lucy. Why you must know, my lady here was an only child ; but her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune, (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman, who has a good estate of his own.

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough ; —but what are riches when compared to love ?

Lucy. For a while he performed the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hired her servants ; —but you have seen in what manner she lived, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, heaven knows.

Lucy. All things went on as one could wish, till, some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have married her: now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a man, but I don't know how it was she could never endure him; in short, her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him.—

Mill. A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had stripped of all before.

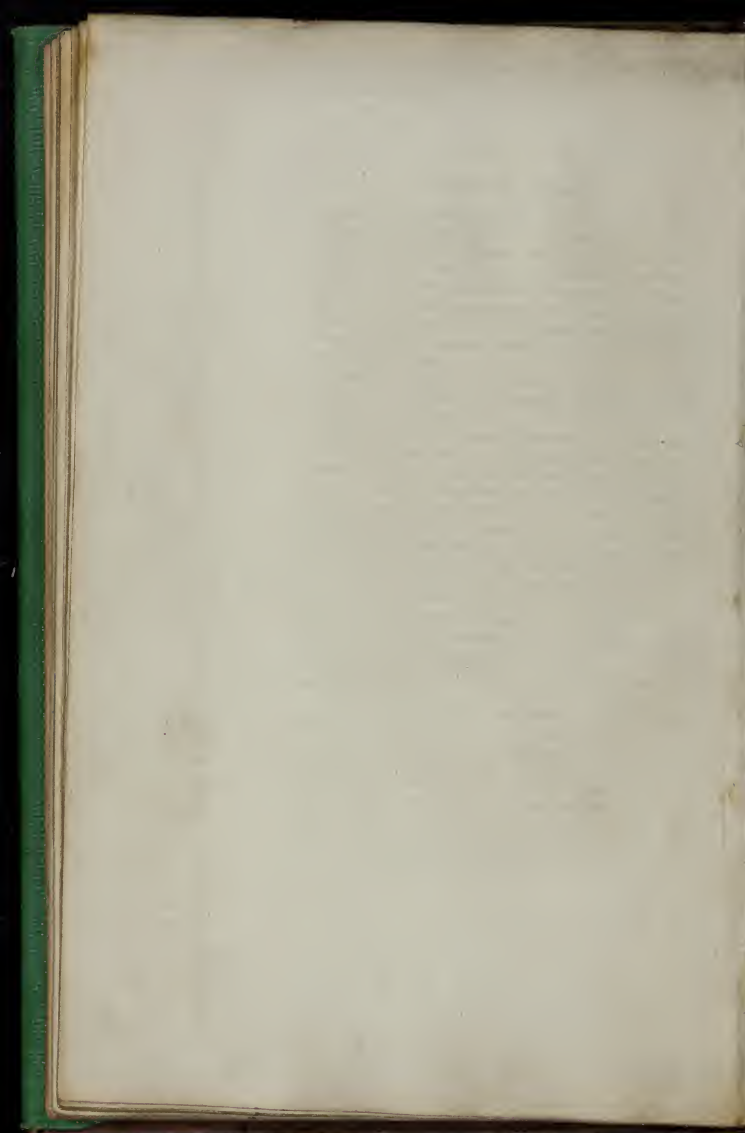
Lucy. Now she having neither money, nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compelled her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being informed by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family) that you were entertained at her house, ~~and stayed with her all night~~, he came this morning raving, and storming like a madman, talks no more of marriage; so there's no hopes of making up matters that way, but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruin'd, or find her refuge in another's arms?

Mill. He gave me but an hour to resolve in, that's happily spent with you; and now I go.

Barn. To be exposed to all the rigours of the various seasons; the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold, unhoused to wander friendless through the inhospitable world, in misery and want; attended with fear and danger, and pursued by malice and revenge, would'st thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to prevent it?

P. A. - B.



Lucy. 'Tis really a pity, there can be no way found out.

Barn. O where are all my resolutions now; ~~like~~ early vapours, or the morning dew, chased by the sun's warm beams they're vanished and lost, as though they had never been.

Lucy. Now I advised her, Sir, to comply with the gentleman, that would not only put an end to her troubles, but make her fortune at once.

Barn. Tormenting fiend, away. I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by him; I will myself prevent her ruin, tho' with my own. A moment's patience; I'll return immediately.

[Exit. *L. H.*]

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mit. That, I must confess, was a danger I did not foresee; I was only afraid he should have come without money. You know a house of entertainment, like mine, is not kept with nothing.

Lucy. That's very true; but then you should be reasonable in your demands; 'tis pity to discourage a young man.

Mit.—Hush! he's here!

Enter BARNWELL. *L. H. J. with bag of Money*

Barn. What am I about to do! Now you, who boast your reason all sufficient, suppose yourselves in my condition, and determine for me; whether it's right to let her suffer for my faults, or, by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill effects of what is past.

Lucy. These young sinners think every thing in the ways of wickedness so strange,—but I could tell him that this is nothing but what's very common; for one vice as naturally begets another, as a father a son: but he'll find out that himself, if he lives long enough.

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

Mill. So I may hope to see you there again.

Barn. Answer me not,—but fly,—least, in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

Mill. Say but you'll come.

Barn. You are my fate, my heaven, or my hell; ~~only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please.~~

R.H. [*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*]
Barn. What have I done. Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made,—why then has heaven suffered me to fall? I sought not the occasion; and, if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. ~~Is virtue inconsistent with itself, or are vice and virtue only empty names? Or do they depend on accidents, beyond our power to produce, or to prevent,—wherein we have no part, and yet must be determined by the event?~~ But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse; I find I am lost, cast down from all my late erected hopes, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why—

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,
 Like hell, the seat of darkness, and of pain.

[*Exit.*]

L.H.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

Throw themselves Chair

24 Me.

19 Miss

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7a. 11

A C T III.

SCENE, *a room in Thorowgood's house.*

THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN *sitting at a table with account books.*

Thor. Methinks I would not have you only learn the method of merchandize, and practise it hereafter, merely as a means of getting wealth. 'Twill be well worth your pains to study it as a science. See how it is founded in reason, and the nature of things. How it has promoted humanity, as it has opened and yet keeps up an intercourse between nations, far remote from one another in situation, customs and religion; promoting arts, industry, peace and plenty; by mutual benefits diffusing mutual love from pole to pole.

Tr. Something of this I have considered, and hope, by your assistance, to extend my thoughts much farther. I have observed those countries, where trade is promoted and encouraged, do not make discoveries to destroy, but to improve mankind, by love and friendship; to tame the fierce, and polish the most savage, to teach them the advantages of honest traffic, by taking from them, with their own consent, their useless superfluities, and giving them, in return, what, from their ignorance in manual arts, their situation, or some other accident they stand in need of.

Thor. 'Tis justly observed: the populous east, luxuriant, abounds with glittering gems, bright pearls, aromatic spices, and health-restoring drugs: The late-found western world glows with unnumber'd veins of gold and silver ore. On every climate, and

Thor. on every country, heaven has bestowed some good peculiar to itself. It is the industrious merchant's business to collect the various blessings of each soil and climate, and, with the product of the whole, to enrich his native country. — Well! I have examined your accounts: they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly entered. I commend your diligence. Method in business is the surest guide. ~~He who neglects it, frequently stumbles, and always wanders perplexed, uncertain, and in danger.~~ Are Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection; he does not use to be the last on these occasions.

Tr. Upon receiving your orders he retired, I thought, in some confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him. ~~I hope he has not been guilty of any neglect.~~

Thor. I'm now going to the Exchange; let him know, at my return, I expect to find him ready.

Thor. R.H. Exeunt.

R.H. Enter MARIA with a book, sits and reads.

Ma. How forcible is truth? The weakest mind, inspired with love of that, fix'd and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing: such souls are raised above the sense of pain, or so supported, that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven. Small are his sufferings, great is his reward; not so the wretch, who combats love with duty; when the mind, weakened and dissolved by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless opposes its own desires. What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures, such as these.

L.H. Enter TRUEMAN.

Tr. O, Barnwell! O, my friend, how art thou fallen?

Out
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Ma. Ha ! Barnwell ! What of him ? Speak, say what of Barnwell.

Tr. 'Tis not to be conceal'd.—I've news to tell of him that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who knew him.

Ma. Defend us heaven !

Tr. I cannot speak it. See there.

[Gives a letter, Maria reads.]

TRUEMAN,

I know my absence will surprize my honour'd master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand that the reason of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you that I intend never to return again : though this might have been known, by examining my accounts ; yet, to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this from the lost

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GEORGE BARNWELL.

Tr. Lost indeed ! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue—justly he thought, and as he thought he practised ; never was life more regular than his ; an understanding uncommon at his years ; an open, generous, manliness of temper ; his manners easy, unaffected and engaging.

Ma. This and much more you might have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

Tr. Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss ? See the fairest and happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor ruin'd Barnwell !

Ma. Trueman, do you think a soul so delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a slave to vice?

Tr. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure this act of his, so contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

Ma. Is there no means yet to preserve him?

Tr. O! that there were. But few men recover reputation lost. A merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, though I should find him, ever be brought to look his injured master in the face.

Ma. I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

Tr. That's impossible.

Ma. What's the sum?

Tr. 'Tis considerable. I've mark'd it here, to show it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

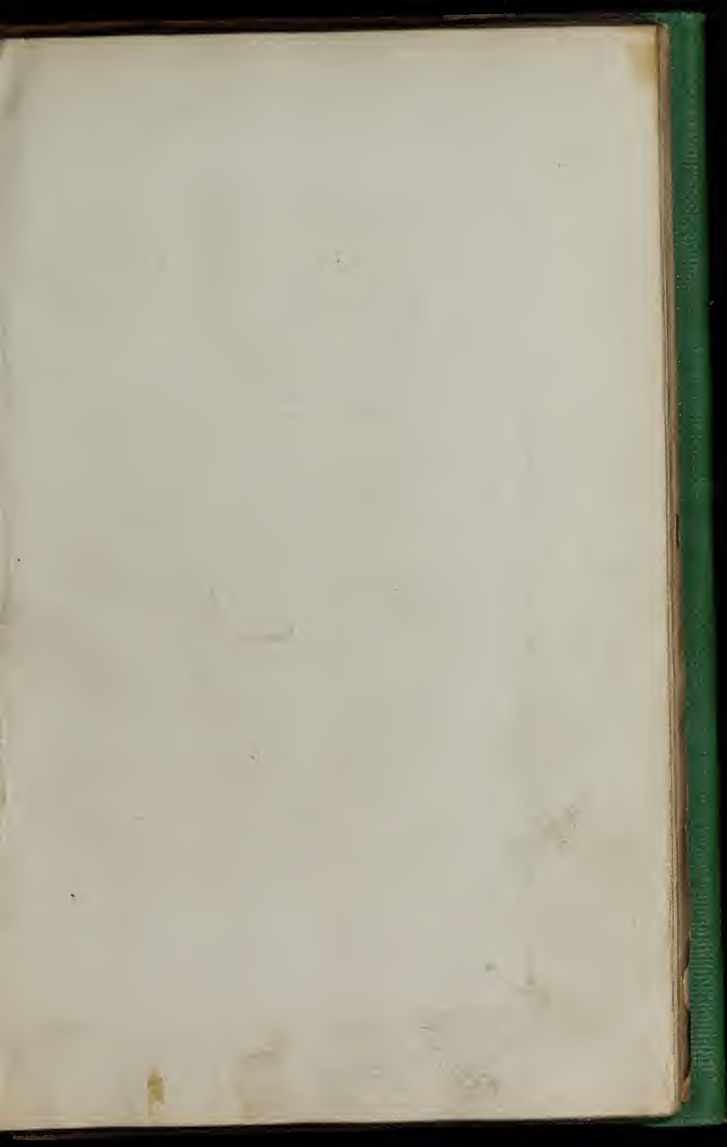
Ma. If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that, and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father.

Tr. Nothing more easy: but can you intend it? Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin? Oh! 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue, as Maria's. Sure heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

Ma. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall he be found?

Tr. Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time, I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

Ma. In attempting to save from shame, one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to heaven, and you, the judges of this action, I appeal, whether I have done any thing misbecoming my sex and character.



Clear Stage.

Tr. Earth must approve the deed, and heaven,
I doubt not, will reward it.

Ma. If heaven succeed it, I am well rewarded.
A virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's slightest
breath; and therefore as this must be a secret from
my father, and the world, for Barnwell's sake; for
mine let it be so to him.

Exeunt.
Marica. R. H.
Isabella. L. H.

SCENE, Millwood's house.

L. H. Enter *LUCY* and *BLUNT. R. H.*

Lucy. Well! what do you think of Millwood's
conduct now!

Blunt. I own it is surprizing; I don't know
which to admire most, her feign'd or his real
passion; though I have sometimes been afraid that
her avarice would discover her: but his youth and
want of experience make it the easier to impose on
him.

Lucy. No, it is his love. To do him justice, not-
withstanding his youth, he don't want understanding;
but you men are much easier imposed on, in these
affairs, than your vanity will allow you to believe.
Let me see the wisest of you all, as much in love
with me, as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I'll en-
gage to make as great a fool of him.

Blunt. And all circumstances consider'd, to make
as much money of him too.

Lucy. I can't answer for that. Her artifice in
making him rob his master at first, and the various
stratagems, by which she has obliged him to continue
in that course, astonish even me, who know her so
well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the
money was his master's.

Lucy. There was the difficulty of it. — Had it

Lucy been his own, it had been nothing. — Were the world his, she might have it for a smile: — But those golden days are done; — he's ruin'd, and Millwood's hopes of farther profits there, are at an end.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being call'd, by his master, to make up his accounts, he was forced to quit his house and service, and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before! How did she receive him?

Lucy. As you would expect. — She wonder'd what he meant, was astonish'd at his impudence, — and, with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily, that she never saw him before, — that she put me out of countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

Lucy. He grieved, and, at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and, making toward the door, show'd a bag of money, which he had stolen from his master, — the last he's ever like to have from thence.

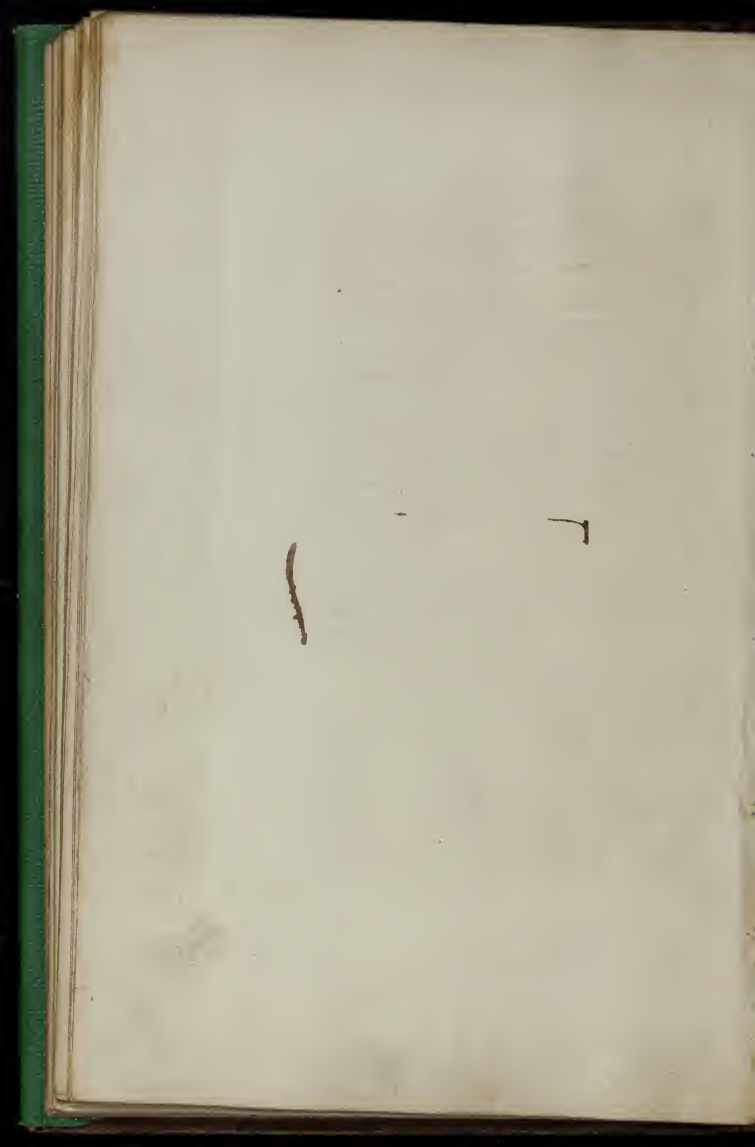
Blunt. But then, Millwood?

Lucy. Aye, she, with her usual address, return'd to her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling. — Hung on his neck, and wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest; till the easy fool, melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die, than think her false.

Blunt. Strange infatuation!

Lucy. But what follow'd was stranger still. ~~doubts and fears, follow'd by reconciliation, ever increase love, where the passion is sincere; so in him it caused so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and~~

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such anguish, that nature in him seemed sinking with the weight, and the charm'd soul disposed to quit his breast for hers, — just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevail'd, — and reason was in the raging tempest lost; the cruel artful Millwood prevail'd upon the wretched youth to propose what I tremble but to think on.

Blunt. I am amazed! what can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of, as a gentleman of a large estate and fair character in the country, where he lives!

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demands this horrid sacrifice. — Barnwell's near relation, and unsuspected virtue must give too easy means to seize the good man's treasure; whose blood must seal the dreadful secret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she could persuade him to do an act like that! He is, by nature, honest, grateful, compassionate, and generous: and though his love, and her artful persuasions, have wrought him to practise what he most abhors; yet we all can witness for him, with what reluctance he has still complied! so many tears he shed o'er each offence, as might, if possible, sanctify theft, and make a merit of a crime.

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming the murder of his uncle he started into rage; and, breaking from her arms, where she till then had held him, with well dissembled love and false endearments, call'd her, cruel monster, devil, and told her she was born for his destruction. She thought it

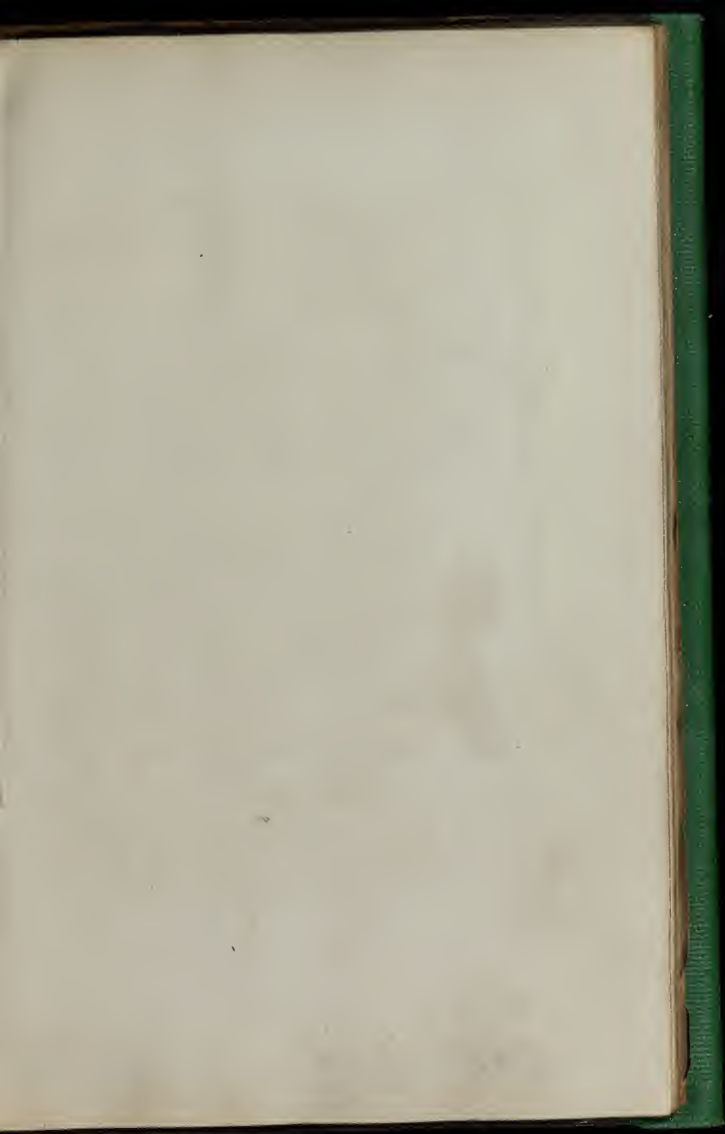
not for her purpose to meet his rage with rage, but affected a most passionate fit of grief, rail'd at her fate, and cursed her wayward stars,—that still her wants should force her to press him to act such deeds, as she must needs abhor, as well as he; but told him necessity had no law, and love no bounds; that therefore he never truly loved, but meant, in her necessity, to forsake her; then kneel'd and swore, that since, by his refusal, he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never would see him more; unless, to prove it true, he robb'd his uncle to supply her wants, and murder'd him, to keep it from discovery.

Blunt. I am astonish'd! what said he?

Lucy. Speechless he stood; but in his face you might have read, that various passions tore his very soul. Oft he, in anguish, threw his eyes towards heaven, and then as often bent their beams on her; then wept and groan'd, and beat his breast; at length, with horror, not to be express'd, he cried, Thou cursed fair! have I not given dreadful proofs of love! What drew me from my youthful innocence, to stain my then unspotted soul, but love? What caused me to rob my gentle master, but cursed love? What makes me now a fugitive from his service, loath'd by myself, and scorn'd by all the world, but love? What fills my eyes with tears, my soul with torture, never felt on this side death before? why love, love, love. And why, above all, do I resolve, (for, tearing his hair, he cried I do resolve) to kill my uncle.

Blunt. Was she not moved? It makes me weep to hear the sad relation.

Lucy. Yes, with joy, that she had gain'd her point. She gave him no time to cool, but urged him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone; if he performs it, and escapes, there's more money for



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her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

Blunt. 'Tis time the world was rid of such a monster.

Lucy. If we don't do our endeavours to prevent this murder, we are as bad as she.

Blunt. I'm afraid it is too late.

Lucy. Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We've run too great a length with her already. I did not think her or myself so wicked, as I find, upon reflection, we are.

Blunt. 'Tis true, we have all been too much so. But there is something so horrid in murder, — that all other crimes seem nothing when compared to that. — I would not be involved in the guilt of that for all the world.

Lucy. Nor I, Heaven knows; therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way, that, to me, seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this cursed design?

Blunt. With all my heart. How else shall I clear myself? He who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law, and reason, is a murderer.

Lucy. Let us lose no time; — I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go.

[*Exeunt. L. H.*]

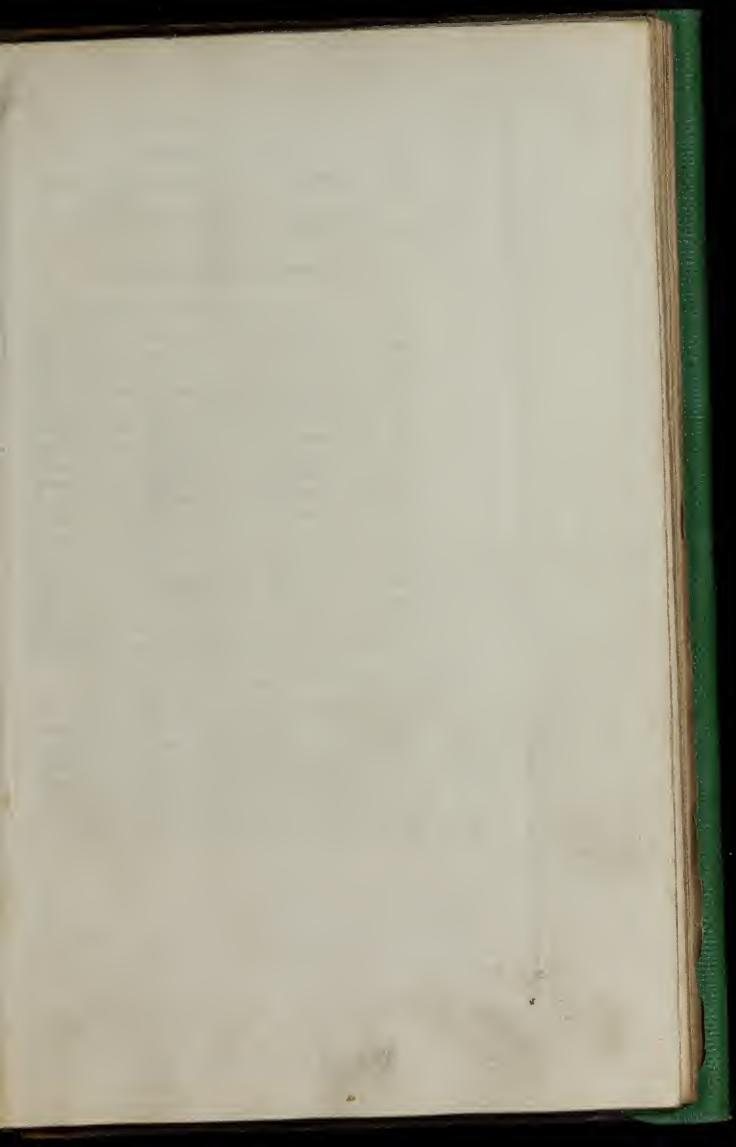
SCENE, A Walk at some distance from a Country

Seat.

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. A dismal gloom obscures the face of day; either the sun has slipped behind a cloud, or journeys down the west of heaven, with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I'm doom'd

to act. Since I set forth on this accursed design, where'er I tread, methinks, the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. Murder my uncle! ~~Yonder lim-~~
~~pid stream, whose hoary fall has made a na-~~
~~tural cascade, as I pass'd by, in doleful accents~~
~~seem'd to murmur, murder.~~ The earth, the air,
 and water, seem concern'd; but that's not strange,
 the world is punish'd, and nature feels the shock,
 when providence permits a good man's fall!—
 Just heaven! ~~Then what should I be! for him~~
~~that was my father's only brother, and since his~~
 death has been to me a father, who took me up
 an infant, and an orphan; rear'd me with ten-
 derest care, and still indulg'd me with most pater-
 nal fondness; yet here I stand avow'd his destined
 murderer: I stiffen with horror at my own impiety?
 'tis yet unperform'd. What if I quit my bloody
 purpose; and fly the place! [*Going, then stops.*]
 But whither, O whither, shall I fly! My master's once
 friendly doors are ever shut against me; and without
 money Millwood will never see me more, and life is
 not to be endured without her: she's got such firm
 possession of my heart, and governs there with such
 despotic sway; Aye, there's the cause of all my sin
 and sorrow: 'Tis more than love; 'tis the fever of
 the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does
 nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it; the im-
 petuous passion bears down all before it, and drives
 me on to lust, to theft, and murder. Oh conscience!
 feeble guide to virtue, who only shows us when we
 go astray, but wants the power to stop us in our
 course. Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle.
 He's alone. Now for my disguise. [*Plucks out a*
visor.] This is his hour of private meditation.
 Thus daily he prepares his soul for heaven, whilst
 I—But what have I to do with heaven! Ha! No
 struggles, conscience—



R.A.B.

Hence! hence remorse, and ev'ry thought that's good;

The storm that lust began, must end in blood.

[*Puts on the vizor, draws a pistol, and exit.* R. H.]

~~SCENE, A close walk in a wood.~~

U. E. R. H. Enter UNCLE.

Uncle. If I was superstitious, I should fear some danger lurk'd unseen, or death were nigh: a heavy melancholy clouds my spirits; my imagination is fill'd with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death, — when the pale lengthen'd visage attracts each weeping eye, — and fills the musing soul, at once, with grief and horror, pity and aversion, I will indulge the thought. The wise man prepares himself for death, by making it familiar to his mind. When strong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future selves, how does each inordinate passion and desire cease or sicken at the view? The mind scarce moves; the blood, curdling, and chill'd, creeps slowly thro' the veins, fix'd, still, and motionless, like the solemn object of our thoughts. We are almost at present — what we must be hereafter, 'till curiosity awakes the soul, and sets it on inquiry.

Enter GEORGE BARNWELL at a distance. U. E. R. H.

O death, thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that world's exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempt to pass in vain, lost and bewilder'd in the horrid gloom, — defeated she

Act

returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain, but of labour lost.

[During this speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again; at last he drops it,—at which his uncle starts, and draws his sword.]

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible!

Uncle. A man so near me, arm'd and masqu'd!

Barn. Nay, then there's no retreat.

[Plucks a poniard from his bosom, and stabs him.]

Uncle. Oh! I am slain! All gracious heaven regard the prayer of thy dying servant. Bless, with thy choicest blessings, my dearest nephew; forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

[Barnwell throws off his mask, runs to him, and, kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.]

Barn. Expiring saint! Oh, murder'd, martyr'd uncle! Lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer.—O do not look so tenderly upon me. Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die.—By heaven, he weeps in pity of my woes. Tears,—tears, for blood. The murder'd, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer.—O, speak your pious purpose,—pronounce my pardon then, and take me with you.—He would, but cannot. O why, with such fond affection do you press my murdering hand! What! will you kiss me!

[Kisses him.]

[Uncle groans and dies.] Life that hover'd on his lips but till he had seal'd my pardon, in that sigh expired. He's gone for ever,—and oh! I follow. *[Swoons away upon his uncle's dead body.]* Do I still live to press the suffering bosom of the earth? Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath!

the wholesome air! Let heaven, from its high throne, in justice or in mercy, now look down on that dear murder'd saint, and me the murderer. And, if his vengeance spares,—let pity strike and end my wretched being. Murder the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides.

~~Cain, who stands on record from the birth of time, and must to its last final period, as accursed, slew a brother, favour'd above him. Detested Nero, by another's hand, dispatch'd a mother, that he fear'd and hated. But I, with my own hand, have murder'd a brother, mother, father, and a friend; most loving and beloved. This execrable act of mine's without a parallel. O may it ever stand alone,—the last of murders, as it is the worst.~~

~~The rich man thus, in torment and despair,
 Preferr'd his vain, but charitable prayer.
 The fool, his own soul lost, would fain be wise
 For others good, but heaven his suit denies.
 By laws and means well known we stand or fall,
 And one eternal rule remains for all. [Exit.~~

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

15-Primer

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A C T IV.

SCENE, *A room in Thorowgood's house.*R.H. Enter MARIA.

Ma. How falsely do they judge who censure or applaud, as we're afflicted or rewarded here: I know I am unhappy, yet cannot charge myself with any crime, more than the common frailties of our kind, that should provoke just heaven to mark me out for sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsely to accuse ourselves, heaven must abhor, then it is just and right that innocence should suffer; for heaven must be just in all its ways. Perhaps by that they are kept from moral evils, much worse than penal, or more improved in virtue: Or may not the lesser ills that they sustain, be the means of greater good to others? Might all the joyless days and sleepless nights that I have past, but purchase peace for thee—

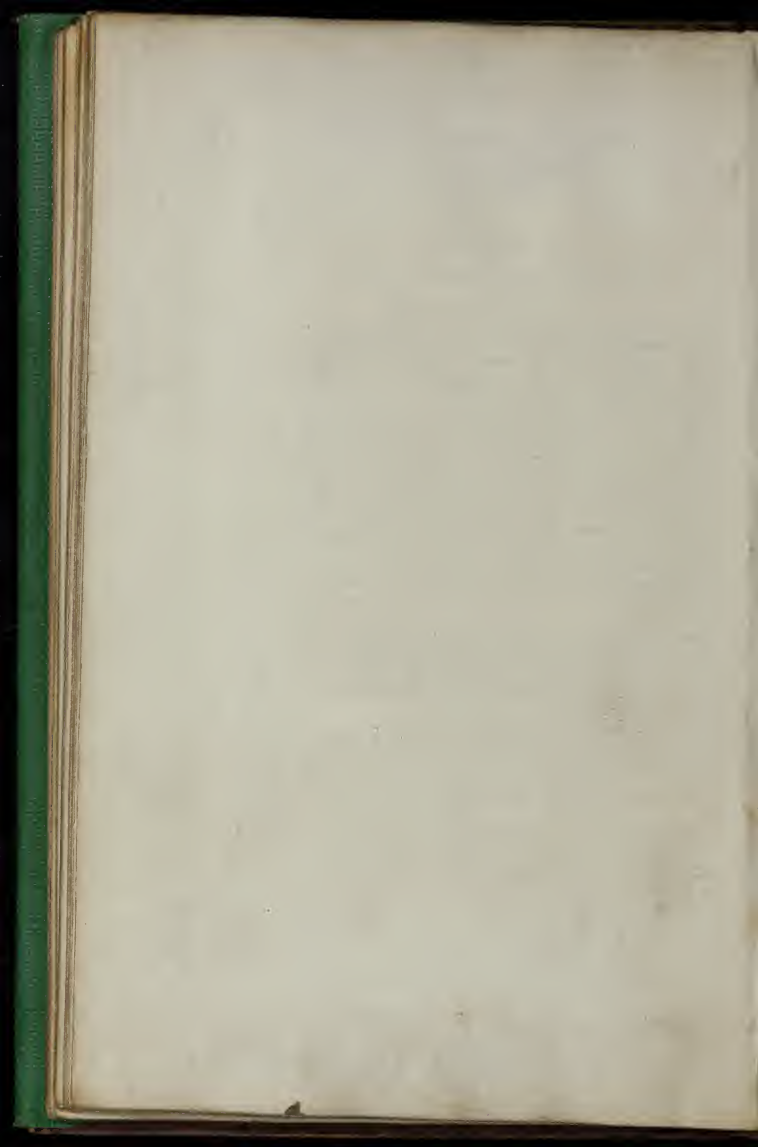
Thou dear, dear cause of all my grief and pain,
Small were the loss, and infinite the gain:
Tho' to the grave in secret love I pine,
So life, and fame, and happiness were thine—

Enter TRUEMAN. L.H.*Ma.* What news of Barnwell?*Tr.* None. I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.2*Ma.* Doth my father yet suspect the cause of his absenting himself?*Tr.* All appear'd so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should; but his absence will no longer be conceal'd. Your father's wise; and though

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he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses, I would make for Barnwell; yet, I am afraid, he regards 'em only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

Ma. ~~How does the unhappy youth defeat all our designs to serve him! yet I can never repent what we have done. Should he return, 'twill make his reconciliation with my father easier, and preserve him from future reproach from a malicious unforgiving world.~~

T. H. Enter THOROWGOOD and LUCY.

Thor. This woman here has given me a sad, (and bating some circumstances) too probable account of Barnwell's defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

Thor. It is not that; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth, [*To them.*] Among many other particulars, she informs me that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me, at several times, of considerable sums of money; now, as I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation,—too dreadful to be willingly believed.

Ma. Sir, your pardon; I find myself on a sudden so indisposed, that I must retire.—~~Providence opposes all attempts to save him.~~ Poor ruin'd Barnwell! Wretched lost Maria! [*Aside. Exit.* *R. H.*]

Thor. How am I distress'd on every side? Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valued friend—and then my child—the only joy and hope of my declining life. Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss.—O Trueman! this person informs

me, that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

Tr. O execrable deed! I am blasted with the horror of the thought.

Lucy. This delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think I know not; that he ever wronged me, I know is false, the rest may be so too, there is all my hope.

Tr. Trust not to that, rather suppose all true than lose a moment's time; even now the horrid deed may be a doing; dreadful imagination; or it may be done, and we are vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

Thor. This earnestness convinces me that he knows more than he has yet discovered. What ho! without there! who waits?

L. H. Enter a Servant.

Order the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and prepare himself to set out with speed. An affair of life and death demands his diligence. [*Exit Servant L.*] For you, whose behaviour on this occasion I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your farther assistance. Return and observe this Millwood till I come. I have your directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. [*Exit Lucy.*] Trueman, you I am sure would not be idle on this occasion. [*Exit L.*]

Tr. He only who is a friend can judge of my distress. [*Exit B.*]

SCENE, Millwood's house. 2295-

~~*Tr. Enter withwood.*~~

Mill. I wish I knew the event of his design; the attempt without success would ruin him. Well! what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too

(W)

John Schaefer
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much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, in pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done, then, and then only I shall be secure; or what if he returns without attempting it at all? But he is here, and I have done him wrong; his bloody hands show he has done the deed, but show he wants the prudence to conceal it.

Enter BARNWELL bloody. Tr. H.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? whither shall I fly to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice?

Mill. Dismiss those fears; though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being enter'd here you are safe as innocence; I have such a cavern, by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you if any danger's near.

Barn. O hide me from myself if it be possible; for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid, where man's eye never saw, nor light e'er dawned, 'twere all in vain. For that innate, that impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder; and execute me with never ending torments. Behold these hands all crimson'd o'er with my dear uncle's blood! Here's a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue.

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own shadow; or what's less than a shadow, your conscience.

Barn. Though to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can we hide from heaven's omniscient eye?

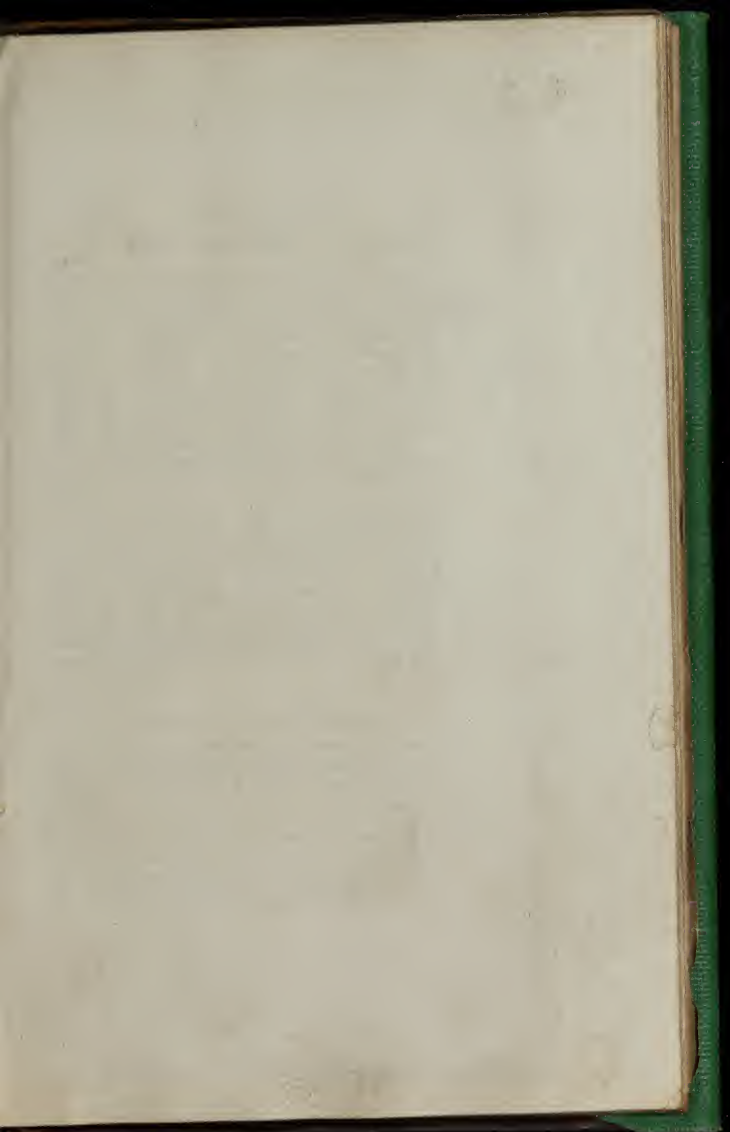
Mill. No more of this stuff; what advantage have you made of his death? or what advantage may yet be made of it? did you secure the keys of his treasure, those no doubt were about him; what gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added sacrilege to murder? Oh! had you seen him as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer; alas, alas! he knew not then that his nephew was his murderer; how would you have wish'd as I did, tho' you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthen'd his one hour. But being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done, nor could I to have gain'd the empire of the world, have violated by theft his sacred corpse.

Mill. Whining preposterous canting villain, to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted; and bring to me your penury and guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my reputation; nay my life to entertain you?

Barn. Oh! Millwood! this from thee;—but I have done, if you hate me, if you wish me dead; then are you happy, for Oh! 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me. *Good night*

Mill. In his madness he will discover all, and involve me in his ruin;—we are on a precipice from whence there's no retreat for both,—then to preserve myself. [*Pauses.*] There is no other way, 'tis dreadful, but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing, and there's no room for choice. It must be done. [*Stamps.*]



2

L ~~Enter~~ ^{Blunt} ~~a Servant.~~ *Enter*

Fetch me an officer and seize this villain, he has confess'd himself a murderer, should I let him escape, I justly might be thought as bad as he. [*Exit Servant.* *LH*].

Barn. O Millwood! sure thou dost not, cannot mean it. Stop the messenger, upon my knees I beg you, call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will, for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

Mill. Call it what you will, I am willing to live; and live secure; which nothing but your death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a pitch of wickedness that seats the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard-galling fetters, an awful trial, and ignominious death, justly to fall unpitied and abhorr'd? ~~After death to be suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping crowd.~~ This I could bear, nay wish not to avoid, had it come from any hand but thine.

LH ² *Enter BLUNT, Officer and Attendants.*

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! here, Sir, take this youth into your custody, I accuse him of murder; and will appear to make good my charge.

[*They seize him.*]

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain; I'll not accuse her, the hand of heaven is in it, and this the punishment of lust and parricide; ~~yet heaven that justly cuts me off, still suffers her to live, perhaps to punish others; tremendous mercy!~~

so fiends are cursed with immortality, to be the executioners of heaven.

Be warn'd ye youths, who see my sad despair,
 Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair,
 By reason guided, honest joys pursue,
 The fair to honour, and to virtue true,
 Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.
 By my example learn to shun my fate,
 (How wretched is the man who's wise too late?)
 Ere innocence, and fame, and life be lost,
 Here purchase wisdom, cheaply, at my cost.

L.H. [Exit with Officers.

Mill. Where's Lucy, why is she absent at such a time?

Blunt. Would I had been so too, Lucy will soon be here, and I hope to thy confusion, thou devil!

Mill. Insolent! this to me.

Blunt. The worst that we know of the devil is, that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment.

L.H. [Exit.

Mill. They disapprove of my conduct, and mean to take this opportunity to set up for themselves. — My ruin is resolved; I see my danger, but scorn it and them. I was not born to fall by such weak instruments.

[Going. R

L.H. Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Where is this scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

Mill. What means this insolence? Who do you seek?

Thor. Millwood.

Mill. Well, you have found her then. I am Millwood.

Thor. Then you are the most impious wretch that e'er the sun beheld.

Mill. From your appearance I should have expected wisdom and moderation, but your manners bely your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am Barnwell's master.

Mill. Then you are master to a villain; which I think, is not much to your credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blushed to own him.

Mill. My arts! I don't understand you, Sir! If he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my servant, or yours? You should have taught him better.

Thor. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arrived to such a height of wickedness. When innocence is banished, modesty soon follows. Know, sorceress, I am not ignorant of any of your arts, by which you first deceived the unwary youth: I know how, step by step, you've led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contrived, and, by your cursed wiles, even forced him to commit, and then betrayed him.

Mill. Ha! Lucy has got the advantage of me, and accused me first, unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost.

[*Aside.*

Thor. Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction, for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too. But heaven, who knows our frame, and graciously distinguishes between frailty and presumption, will make a difference, though man cannot, who sees not the heart, but only judges by the outward action.

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Mill. I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surprised at such ill treatment, from a gentleman of your appearance, without cause, and therefore too hastily returned it; for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far imposed on, as to think me engaged in a former correspondence with your servant, and, some way or other, accessory to his undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the cause, the sole cause of all his guilt, and all his suffering, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

Mill. 'Tis very strange! but who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since that fatal accident, which I lament as much as you: 'Tis true, I have a servant, on whose account he has of late frequented my house; if she has abused my good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray go on.

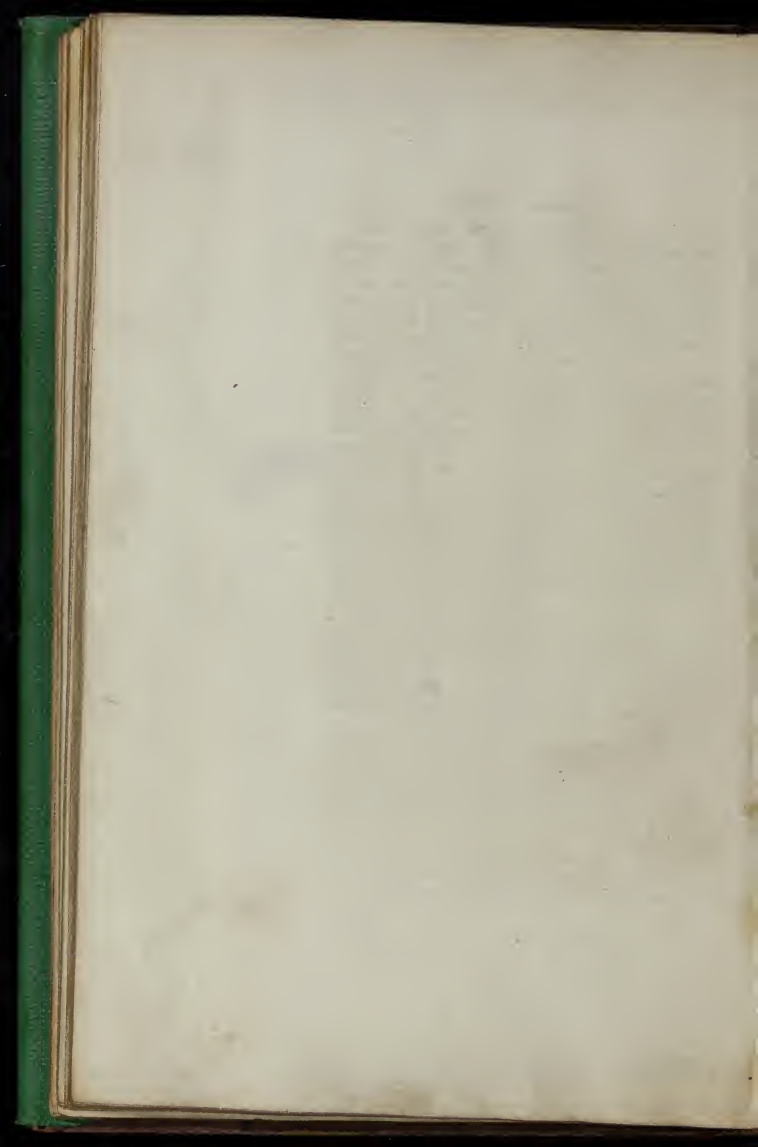
Mill. I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him; but I always thought it innocent; I know her poor, and given to expensive pleasures. Now who can tell but she may have influenced the amorous youth to commit this murder, to supply her extravagancies—it must be so, I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it: I'll have her and a man servant, that I suspect as an accomplice, secured immediately. I hope, Sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded suspicions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of this bloody deed.

[Offers to go. *L*]

Thor. Madam, you pass not this way: I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

Mill. I hope you will not use your influence, and

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the credit of your name, to skreen such guilty wretches. Consider, Sir! the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

Thor. I do,—and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, though she contrived the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I (struck with the horror of his crimes) have done.

Thor. How should an unexperienced youth escape her snares; ~~the powerful magick of her wit and form might betray the wisest to simple dotage, and fire the blood that age had froze long since.~~ Even I, that with just prejudice came prepared, had, by her artful story, been deceived, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible. [*Aside.*] Those whom subtly you would accuse, you know are your accusers; and what proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt, they accused you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to have prevented it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinced; but I have such a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objections.

[*Exit. R. H.*]

Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, ²Officers, &c.

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you.—This way—[*to Thorowgood*] ~~and note her behaviour; I have observed her,~~ she's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

R.H. Enter MILLWOOD with a pistol. Trueman
secures her.

Act Tr. Here thy power of doing mischief ends; deceitful, cruel, bloody woman!

Mill. Fool, hypocrite, villain, man! thou can'st not call me that.

R. Tr. To call thee woman, were to wrong the sex, thou devil!

Mill. That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

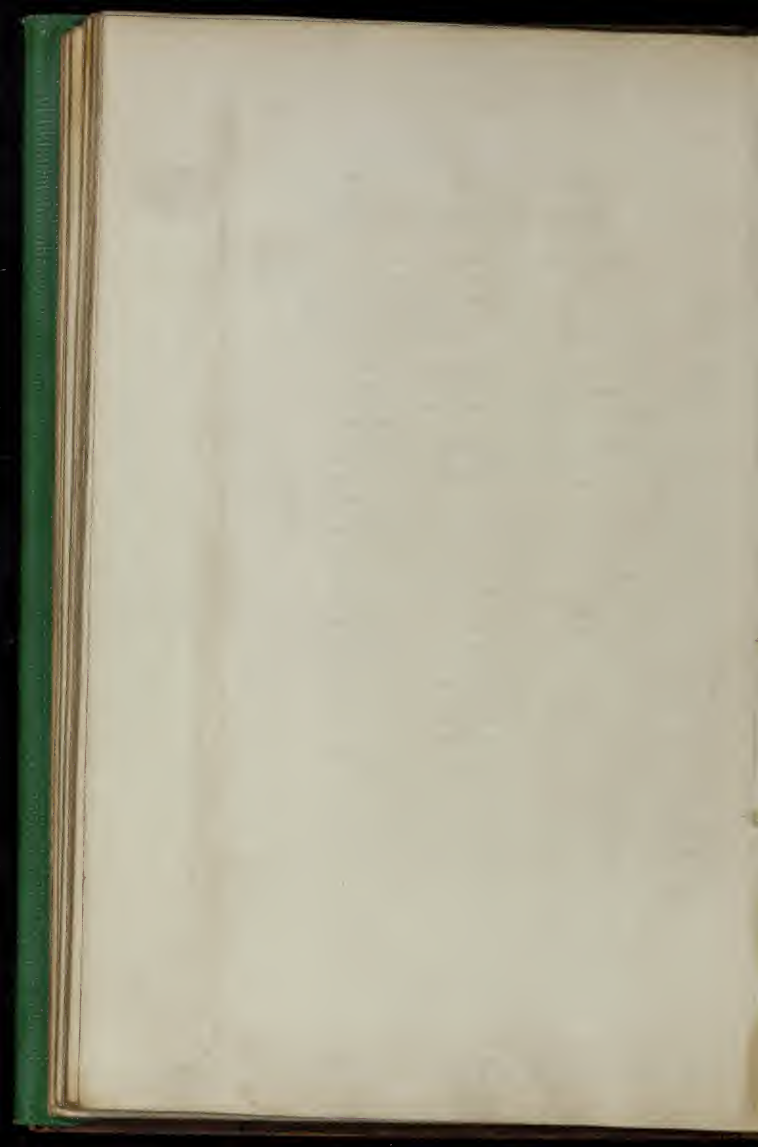
Tr. Think not by aggravating the fault of others to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robbed me of them, ere I knew their worth; then left me, too late, to count their value by their loss. Another and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdain'd, and yet disdains, dependance and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtain'd, I saw secured the worst of men from both; I found it therefore necessary to be rich; and, to that end, I summon'd all my arts. You call them wicked, be it so, they were such as my conversation with your sex had furnished me withal.

Thor. Sure none but the worst of men conversed with thee.

Mill. Men of all degrees and all professions I have known, yet found no difference, but in their several capacities; all were alike wicked to the utmost of their power. In pride, contention, avarice, cruelty, and revenge, the reverend priesthood were my unerring guides. From suburb-magistrates, who live

R. Cl - B .



by ruined reputations, as the inhospitable natives of Cornwall do by ship-wrecks, I learned that to charge my innocent neighbours with my crimes, was to merit their protection; for to skreen the guilty, is the less scandalous, when many are suspected, and detraction, like darkness and death, blackens all objects, and levels all distinction. Such are your venal magistrates, who favour none but such as, by their office, they are sworn to punish. With them not to be guilty, is the worst of crimes; and large fees privately paid, are every needful virtue.

Thor. Your practice has sufficiently discovered your contempt of laws, both human and divine; no wonder then that you should hate the officers of both.

Mill. I hate you all, I know you, and expect no mercy; nay, I ask for none; I have done nothing that I am sorry for; I followed my inclinations, and that the best of you does every day. All actions are alike natural and indifferent to man and beast, who devour, or are devoured, as they meet with others weaker or stronger than themselves.

Thor. What pity it is, a mind so comprehensive, daring and inquisitive, should be a stranger to religion's sweet, but powerful charms.

Mill. I am not fool enough to be an Atheist, though I have known enough of mens hypocrisy to make a thousand simple women so. Whatever religion is in itself, as practised by mankind, it has caused the evil you say it was designed to cure. War, plague, and famine, has not destroyed so many of the human race, as this pretended piety has done; and with such barbarous cruelty, as if the only way to honour Heaven, were to turn the present world into Hell.

Thor. Truth is truth though from an enemy, and

spoke in malice. You bloody, blind, and superstitious bigots, how will you answer this?

Mill. What are your laws, of which you make your boast, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour; the instrument and skreen of all your villainies, by which you punish in others what you act yourselves, or would have acted, had you been in their circumstances. The judge who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving, and being deceived, harrassing, and plaguing, and destroying one another; but women are your universal prey.

Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,
With cruel arts you labour to destroy:
A thousand ways our ruin you pursue,
Yet blame in us those arts, first taught by you. *XII*
O may, from hence, each violated maid,
By flattering, faithless, barb'rous man betray'd;
When robb'd of innocence, and virgin fame,
From your destruction raise a nobler name;
To right their sex's wrongs devote their mind,
And future Millwoods prove to plague mankind.

[*Exeunt.*
L.H.]

(20 Minutes)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *A room in a Prison.**Enter THOROWGOOD, BLUNT and LUCY.*

Thor. I HAVE recommended to Barnwell a reverend divine, whose judgment and integrity I am well acquainted with; nor has Millwood been neglected, but she, unhappy woman, still obstinate, refuses his assistance.

Lucy. This pious charity to the afflicted well becomes your character; yet pardon me, Sir, if I wonder you were not at their trial.

Thor. I knew it was impossible to save him, and I and my family bear so great a part in his distress, that to have been present would have aggravated our sorrows without relieving his.

Blunt. It was mournful indeed. Barnwell's youth and modest deportment, as he pass'd, drew tears from every eye: When placed at the bar, and arraigned before the reverend judges, with many tears and interrupting sobs he confessed and aggravated his offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on Millwood, the shameless author of his ruin; who dauntless and unconcerned stood by his side, viewing with visible pride and contempt the vast assembly, who all with sympathising sorrow wept for the wretched youth: Millwood, when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her innocence, and made an artful and a bold defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial jury and the learned bench concurring to find her guilty, how did she curse herself, poor Barnwell, us, her judges, all mankind; but what could that avail? she was condemned, and is this day to suffer with him.

Thor. The time draws on, I am going to visit Barnwell, as you are Millwood.

Lucy. We have not wrong'd her, yet I dread this interview. She's proud, impatient, wrathful, and unforgiving. To be the branded instruments of vengeance, to suffer in her shame, and sympathise with her in all she suffers, is the tribute we must pay for our former ill spent lives, and long confederacy with her in wickedness.

Thor. Happy for you it ended when it did. What you have done against Millwood I know proceeded from a just abhorrence of her crimes, free from interest, malice, or revenge. Proselytes to virtue should be encouraged. Pursue your proposed reformation, and know me hereafter for your friend.

Lucy. This is a blessing as unhop'd for as unmerited, but Heaven that snatch'd us from impending ruin, sure intends you as its instrument to secure us from apostacy.

Thor. With gratitude to impute your deliverance to Heaven is just. Many, less virtuously disposed than Barnwell was, have never fallen in the manner he has done.—may not such owe their safety rather to Providence than to themselves. With pity and compassion let us judge him. Great were his faults, but strong was the temptation. Let his ruin learn us diffidence, humanity and circumspection; for we,—who wonder at his fate,—perhaps had we like him, been tried,—like him, we had fallen too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE ⁴⁷ A Dungeon, a Table and Lamp.

BARNWELL reading. Enter THOROWGOOD. *L.B.*

Thor. See there the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign, and sensual appetite indulged. Severe reflections, penitence and tears.

15th 12. May 15th / 3rd
13 11. 1 17 / 1st

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Barn. My honoured injured master, whose goodness has covered me a thousand times with shame, forgive this last unwilling disrespect,—indeed I saw you not. 2

Thor. 'Tis well, I hope you were better employed in viewing of yourself;—~~your journey's long, your time for preparation almost spent.~~—I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

Barn. The word of truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length removed the doubts I laboured under. From thence I've learned the infinite extent of heavenly mercy; ~~that my offences, though great, are not unpardonable;~~ and that it is not my interest only, but my duty to believe and to rejoice in that hope;—So shall heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit of my example. 2u
l
—

Thor. Go on.—How happy am I who live to see this? —

Barn. 'Tis wonderful,—that words should charm despair, speak peace and pardon to a murderer's conscience; but truth and mercy flow in every sentence, attended with force and energy divine. How shall I describe my present state of mind? I hope in doubt,—and trembling I rejoice.—I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way.—Joy and gratitude now supply more tears, than the horror and anguish of despair before. —
—

Thor. These are the genuine signs of true repentance, the only preparatory—certain way to everlasting peace.—O the joy it gives to see a soul formed and prepared for Heaven!—For this the faithful minister devotes himself to meditation, abstinence and prayer, shunning the vain delights of sensual joys, and daily dies that others may live for ever.—For this he

turns the sacred volumes over, and spends his life in painful search of truth.—The love of riches and the lust of power, he looks on with just contempt and detestation; who only counts for wealth the souls he wins; and whose highest ambition is to serve mankind.—If the reward of all his pains be to preserve one soul from wandering, or turn one from the error of his ways, how does he then rejoice, and own his little labours over paid.

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous-kindness? but though I cannot, Heaven can and will reward you.

Thor. To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee.—Farewell.

Barn. O! Sir, there's something I could say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

Thor. Give it vent a while, and try.

Barn. I had a friend,—'tis true I am unworthy, yet methinks your generous example might persuade;—could I not see him once before I go from whence there's no return.

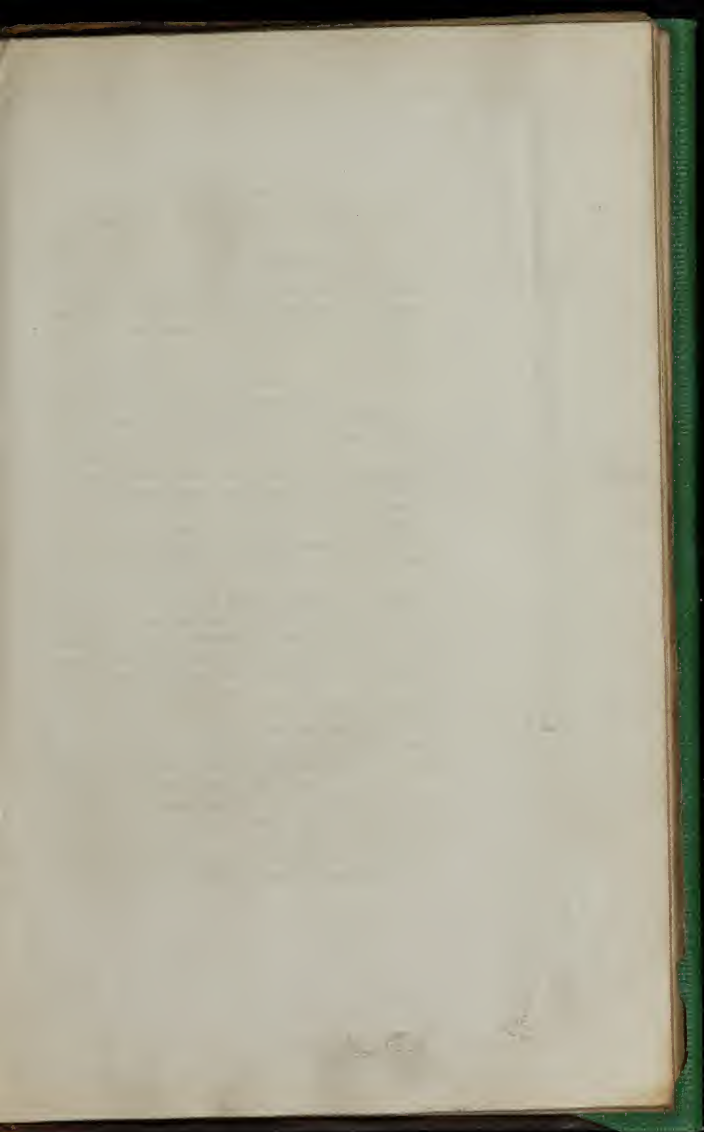
Thor. He's coming,—and as much thy friend as ever; but I'll not anticipate his sorrow,—too soon he'll see the sad effect of this contagious ruin.—~~This torrent of domestic misery bears too hard upon me,~~—I must retire to indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*]—Much loved,—and much lamented youth,—Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee—eternally farewell.

Barn. The best of masters and of men—Farewell;—while I live let me not want your prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not;—thy peace being made with heaven, death is already vanquished; bear a little longer the pains that attend this transitory life, and cease from pain for ever.

[*Exit L. & H.*]

Barn. I find a power within that bears my soul above the fears of death, and spight of conscious



3
maria.

shame and guilt, gives me a taste of pleasure more than mortal.

Tr. —Enter TRUEMAN and KEEPER.

Keep. Sir, there's the prisoner. [Exit.

Barn. Trueman,—my friend, whom I so wished to see, yet now he's here I dare not look upon him. [Weeps.

Tr. O Barnwell! Barnwell!

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious Heaven! for death, but not for this, was I prepared.

Tr. What have I suffered since I saw you last?—what pain has absence given me?—But oh! to see thee thus!

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of thy generous soul; but I was born to murder all who love me. [Both weep.

Tr. I came not to reproach you;—I thought to bring you comfort, but I'm deceived, for I have none to give;—I came to share thy sorrow, but cannot bear my own.

Barn. My sense of guilt indeed you cannot know;—'tis what the good and innocent, like you, can never conceive;—but other griefs at present I have none, but what I feel for you.—In your sorrow I read you love me still;—but yet methinks 'tis strange,—when I consider what I am.

Tr. No more of that; I can remember nothing but thy virtues,—thy honest, tender friendship, our former happy state and present misery.—O had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou knowest not what a wretch I've been! breach of friendship was my first and least offence.—So far was I lost to goodness;—so devoted to the author of my ruin;—that had she insisted on my murdering thee, I think I should have done it.

3

Tr. Prythee aggravate thy faults no more.

Barn. I think I should!—thus good and generous as you are, I should have murdered you!

Tr. We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taste such joys on earth; never will I so sooth my just remorse. Are those honest arms, and faithful bosom, fit to embrace and to support a murderer.—These iron fetters only shall clasp, and flinty pavement bear me;—*[throwing himself on the ground]* even these too good for such a bloody monster. *(falls)*

Tr. Shall fortune sever those whom friendship joined! Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will find thee, *[Lies down by him.]* Upon this rugged couch then let us lie, for well it suits our most deplorable condition. Here will we offer to stern calamity,—this earth the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice.—Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault. Our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

Barn. Then be it so. *[Rising.]* Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine, *[Embracing.]*

Where's now the anguish that you promised? You have taken mine, and make me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow cannot approach me while I am here! This too is the work of Heaven, who, having before spoke peace and pardon to me, now sends thee to confirm it. O take, take some of the joy that overflows my breast!

Tr. I do, I do. Almighty power, how have you made us capable to bear, at once, the extremes of pleasure and of pain?

L. H. Enter KEEPER.

[Exit. L. H.]

Keeper. Sir.

Tr. I come.

Barn. Must you leave me ! Death would soon have parted us for ever.

Tr. O my Barnwell, there is yet another task behind : again your heart must bleed for others woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you, I thought was all I had to do on earth ! What is there more for me to do or suffer ?

Tr. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known ! Maria——

Barn. Our master's fair and virtuous daughter !

Tr. The same.

Barn. No misfortune, I hope, has reached that lovely maid ! Preserve her, Heaven, from every ill, to show mankind that goodness is your care.

Tr. Thy, thy misfortunes, my unhappy friend, have reached her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. ~~I know he doth abhor a lie, and would not trifle with his dying friend.~~ This is, indeed, the bitterness of death !

[*Aside.*

Tr. You must remember, for we all observed it, for some time past, a heavy melancholy weighed her down. Disconsolate she seemed, and pined and languished from a cause unknown ; till hearing of your dreadful fate, the long stifled flame blazed out. She wept, she wrung her hands, and tore her hair, and, in the transport of her grief, discovered her own lost state, while she lamented yours.

Barn. ~~Will all the pain I feel restore thy case, lovely unhappy maid ?~~ [Weeping.] Why didn't you let me die and never know it ?

Tr. It was impossible ; she makes no secret of her

passion for you, and is determined to see you ere you die; she waits for me to introduce her. [*Exit L.*]
Barn. Vain busy thoughts be still! What avails it to think on what I might have been,—I now am,—What I have made myself.

T. H. Enter TRUEMAN and MARIA. 2

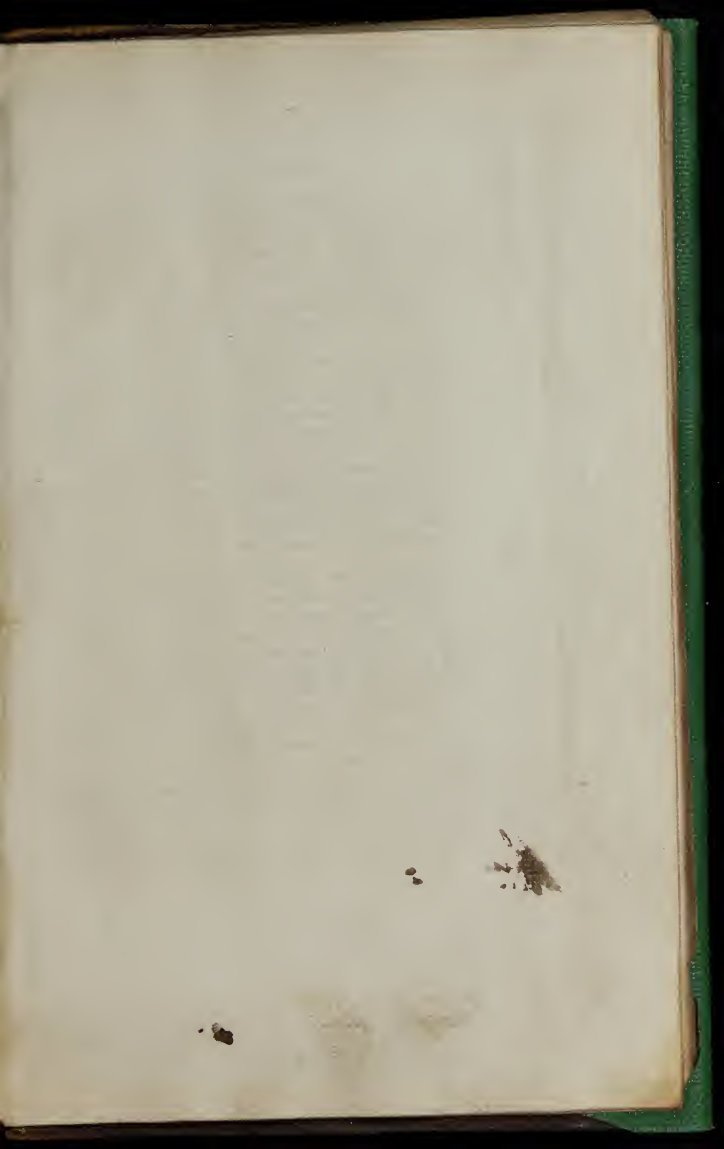
Tr. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal scene: this is the seat of misery and guilt. Here awful justice reserves her public victims. This is the entrance to shameful death.

Ma. To this sad place then no improper guest, the abandoned lost Maria brings despair, and see the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was left behind; ~~yet that so perfect, that beauty and death, ever at enmity, now seem united there.~~

Barn. I groan, ~~but murmur not.~~ Just Heaven, I am your own; do with me what you please.

Ma. Why are your streaming eyes still fixed below?—as though thou'dst give the greedy earth thy sorrows, and rob me of my due. Were happiness within your power, you should bestow it where you pleased; but in your misery I must and will partake.

Barn. Oh! say not so, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate. Consider what you are: ~~how vast your fortune, and how bright your fame: have pity on your youth, your beauty, and unequalled virtue, for which so many noble peers have sighed in vain. Bless with your charms some honourable lord. Adorn with your beauty, and, by your example improve, the English court, that justly claims such merit; so shall I quickly be to you as though I had never been.~~



Bell ready
2

Ma. When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Reason, choice, virtue, all forbid it. Let women, like Millwood, if there be more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity forsake. Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such have made.

Tr. Lovely, ill-fated maid! Was there ever such generous distress before? How must this pierce his grateful heart, and aggravate his woes?

Barn. Ere I knew guilt or shame, when fortune smiled, and when my youthful hopes were at the highest; if then to have raised my thoughts to you, had been presumption in me never to have been pardoned, think how much beneath yourself you condescend to regard me now.

Ma. Let her blush who, professing love, invades the freedom of your sex's choice, and meanly sues in hopes of a return. Your inevitable fate hath rendered hope impossible as vain. Then why should I fear to avow a passion so just and so disinterested?

Tr. If any should take occasion, from Millwood's crimes, to libel the best and fairest part of the creation, here let them see their error. The most distant hopes of such a tender passion, from so bright a maid, might add to the happiness of the most happy, and make the greatest proud. Yet here 'tis lavished in vain: Though by the rich present, the generous donor is undone, he, on whom it is bestowed, receives no benefit.

Barn. So the aromatic spices of the east, which all the living covet and esteem, are, with unavailing kindness, wasted on the dead.

Ma. Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears. Can they save thee from approaching death? from such a death? ^{Oh, sorrow, how portable!} ~~Oh, terrible~~ die! What is her misery and distress, who sees the

first last object of her love, for whom alone she'd live; for whom she'd die a thousand, thousand deaths, if it were possible, expiring in her arms? Yet she is happy, when compared to me. Were millions of worlds mine, I'd gladly give them in exchange for her condition. The most consummate woe is light to mine. The last of curses to other miserable maids, is all I ask; and that's denied me.

Tr. Time and reflection cure all ills.

Ma. All but this; his dreadful catastrophe virtue herself abhors. To give a holiday to suburb slaves, and passing entertain the savage herd, who, elbowing each other for a sight, pursue and press upon him like his fate. A mind with piety and resolution armed, may smile on death.—But public ignominy, everlasting shame, shame the death of souls, to die a thousand times, and yet survive even death itself, in never dying infamy, is this to be endured? Can I, who live in him, and must, each hour of my devoted life, feel all these woes renewed; can I endure this!

Tr. Grief has impaired her spirits; she pants, as in the agonies of death.

Barn. Preserve her, heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes, [bell tolls.] I am summoned to my fate.

L. H. Enter KEEPER.

Keep. The officers attend you, Sir. Mrs. Millwood is already summoned.

[Exit.]

Barn. Tell them I am ready. And now, my friend, farewell, [Embracing.] Support and comfort the best you can this mourning fair. No more. Forget not to pray for me; [turning to Maria.] would you, bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world could give were mine, [she inclines towards him; they embrace.] Exalted goodness! O turn your

X - Bell -

16 Min ✓ }
15 Min ✓ }
+ + Bell Tolls

Total - 1 H & 45 M.

May 15th / 87

D^o

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May 16th / 87

eyes from earth, and me, to heaven, where virtue, like yours, is ever heard. Pray for the peace of my departing soul. Early my race of wickedness began, and soon has reached the summit.

~~Ere nature has finished her work, and stamped me man, just at the time that others begin to stray, my course is finished; though short my span of life, and few my days; yet count my crimes for years, and I have lived whole ages. Justice and mercy are in heaven the same: Its utmost severity is mercy to the whole,—thereby to cure man's folly and presumption, which else would render even infinite mercy vain and ineffectual. Thus justice, in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me, by one such example to secure thousands from future ruin.~~

If any youth, like you, in future times,
Shall mourn my fate, tho' he abhor my crimes;
Or tender maid, like you, my tale shall hear,
And to my sorrows give a pitying tear:
To each such melting eye, and throbbing heart,
Would gracious heaven this benefit impart,
Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,
Then must you own, you ought not to complain;
Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

Exit Barnwell for 225.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The place of execution. The gallows and ladders at the further end of the stage. A crowd of spectators.*

BLUNT and LUCY.

Lucy. Heavens! what a throng!

Blunt. How terrible is death when thus prepared!

Lucy. Support them, Heaven; thou only can support them; all other help is vain.

Officer within. Make way there; make way, and give the prisoners room.

Lucy. They are here: observe them well. How humble and composed young Barnwell seems! but Millwood looks wild, ruffled with passion, confounded and amazed.

Enter BARNWELL, MILLWOOD, Officers and Executioners.

Barn. See, Millwood, see our journey's at an end. Life, like a tale that's told, is past away; that short but dark and unknown passage, death, is all the space between us and endless joys, or woes eternal.

Mill. Is this the end of all my flattering hopes? were youth and beauty given me for a curse, and wisdom only to insure my ruin? they were, they were. Heaven, thou hast done thy worst. Or if thou hast in store some untried plague, somewhat that's worse than shame, despair and death, unpitied death, confirmed despair and soul-confounding shame; something that men and angels cannot describe, and only fiends, who bear it, can conceive; now, pour it now on this devoted head, that I may feel the worst thou canst inflict, and bid defiance to thy utmost power.

Barn. Yet ere we pass the dreadful gulph of death, yet ere you're plunged in everlasting woe, O bend your stubborn knees and harder heart, humbly to deprecate the wrath divine. Who knows but Heaven, in your dying moments, may bestow that grace and mercy which your life despised.

Mill. Why name you mercy to a wretch like me? mercy's beyond my hope; almost beyond my wish. I can't repent, nor ask to be forgiven.

Barn. O think what 'tis to be for ever, ever miserable; nor with vain pride oppose a power, that's able to destroy you.

Mill. That will destroy me: I feel it will. A deluge

of wrath is pouring on my soul. Chains, darkness, wheels, racks, sharp stinging scorpions, molten lead, and seas of sulphur, are light to what I feel.

Barn. O add not to your vast account despair : a sin more injurious to Heaven, than all you've yet committed.

Mill. O ! I have sinned beyond the reach of mercy.

Barn. O say not so : 'tis blasphemy to think it. As yon bright roof is higher than the earth, so and much more does Heaven's goodness pass our apprehension. O what created being shall presume to circumscribe mercy, that knows no bounds ?

Mill. This yields no hope. Though mercy may be boundless, yet 'tis free : and I was doomed, before the world began, to endless pains, and thou to joys eternal.

Barn. O ! gracious Heaven ! extend thy pity to her : let thy rich mercy flow in plenteous streams to chase her fears and heal her wounded soul.

Mill. It will not be. Your prayers are lost in air, or else returned perhaps with double blessing to your bosom, but me they help not.

Barn. Yet hear me, Millwood !

Mill. Away, I will not hear thee : I tell thee, youth, I am by Heaven devoted a dreadful instance of its power to punish. [*Barnwell seems to pray.*] If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself not me. How doth his fervent soul mount with his words, and both ascend to Heaven ! that heaven, whose gates are shut with adamant bars against my prayers, had I the will to pray—I cannot bear it—sure 'tis the worst of torments to behold others enjoy that bliss that we must never taste.

Off. The utmost limit of your time is expired.

Mill. Incompassed with horror whither must I go ?

I would not live—nor die—That I could cease to be !
or ne'er had been !

Barn. Since peace and comfort are denied her here, may she find mercy where she least expects it, and this be all her hell. From our example may all be taught to fly the first approach of vice ; but if o'ertaken

By strong temptation, weakness, or surprize,
Lament their guilt and by repentance rise.

Th' impenitent alone die unforgiven !

To sin's like man, and to forgive like heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

Blunt and Lucy remain. Enter TRUEMAN.

Lucy. Heart-breaking sight. O wretched, wretched Millwood.

Tr. You came from her then : how is she disposed to meet the far ?

Blunt. Who can describe unutterable woe ?

Lucy. She goes to death encompassed with horror, loathing life, and yet afraid to die ; no tongue can tell her anguish and despair.

Tr. Heaven be better to her than her fears ; may she prove a warning to others, a monument of mercy in herself.

Lucy. O sorrow, insupportable ! break, break my heart.

Tr. In vain.

With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes we show
A humane gen'rous sense of others' woe ;
Unless we mark what drew their ruin on,
And by avoiding that—prevent our own.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Colley Cibber, esq. and spoke by Mrs.
Cibber.

SINCE fate has robb'd me of the hapless youth,
For whom my heart had hoarded up its truth;
By all the laws of love and honour, now,
I'm free again to chuse,—and one of you.

But soft,—with cation first I'll round me peep,
Maids, in my case, should look, before they leap:
Here's choice enough, of various sorts, and hue,
The cit, the wit, the rake cock'd up in cue,
The fair spruce Mercer, and the tawney Jew. }

Suppose I search the sober gallery;—No,
There's none but 'prentices, and cuckolds all a row; }
And these, I doubt, are those that make 'em so. }
[Pointing to the boxes.

'Tis very well, enjoy the jest:—but you, }
Fine powder'd sparks;—nay, I'm told 'tis true, }
Yonr happy spouses—can make cuckolds too. }
'Twixt you and them, the diff'rence this perhaps,
The cit's asham'd whene'er his duck he traps;
But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your hats, and take no shame at all.

What if some favour'd poet I could meet?
Whose love would lay his laurels at my feet.
No,—painted passion real love abhors,—
His flame would prove the suit of creditors.

Not to detain you then with longer pause, }
In short, my heart, to this conclusion draws, }
I yield it to the hand, that's londest in applause. }

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